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DAVID SUTHERLAND,

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Gai

188

FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING
RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN
CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing
when a man is to be so soon forgotten
And the shining in his soul
 gone from the earth
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing
when a man shall die
And forget love
 which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing
that a man shall forget love
And he not dead but walking in the field
 of a May morning
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

— R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of
Stanford Writing, 1931*

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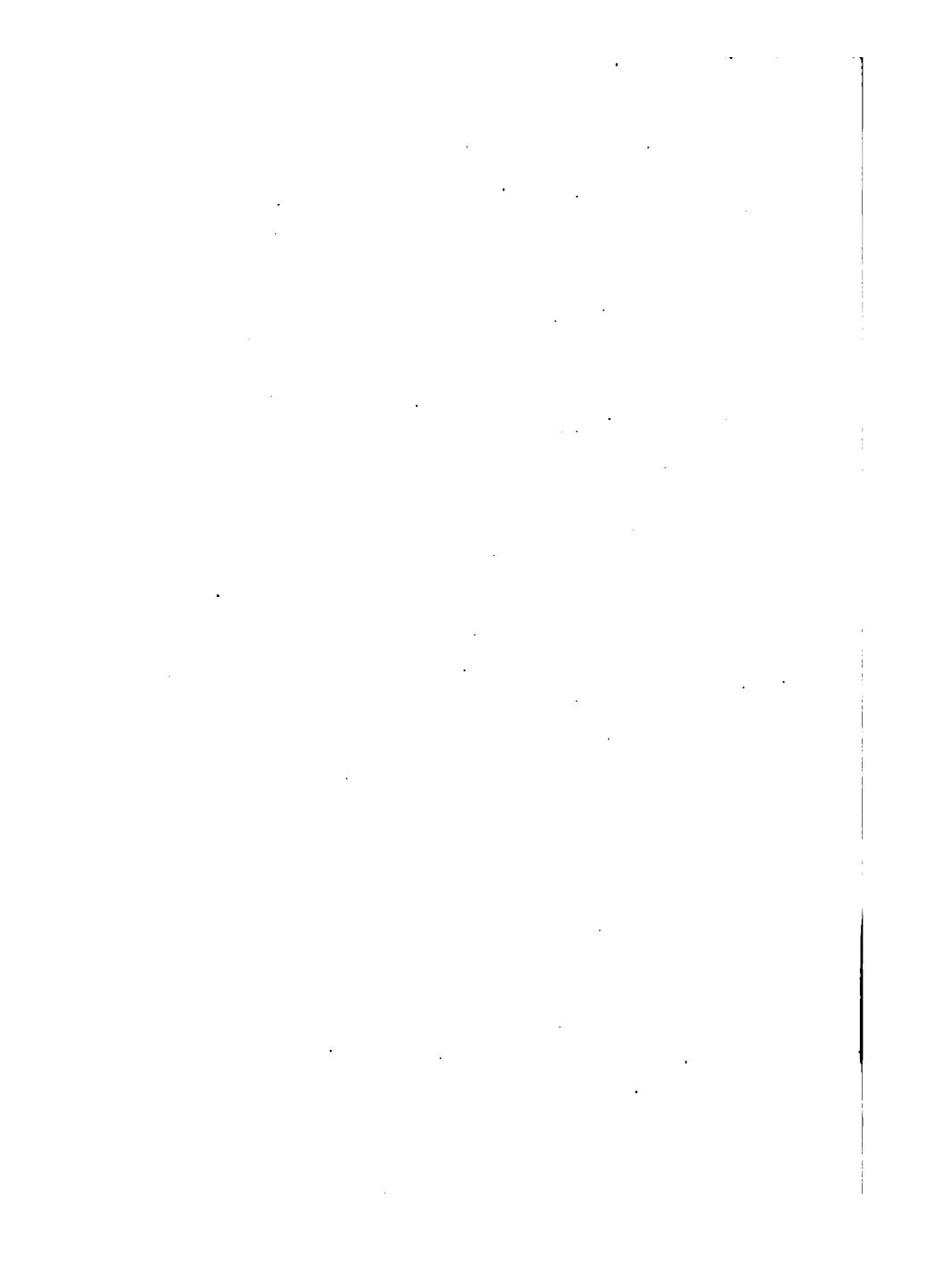
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HEBREW ODES, &c.

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HEBREW PDES, &c.



HEBREW ODES

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

WILLIAM BRUCE, D.D.

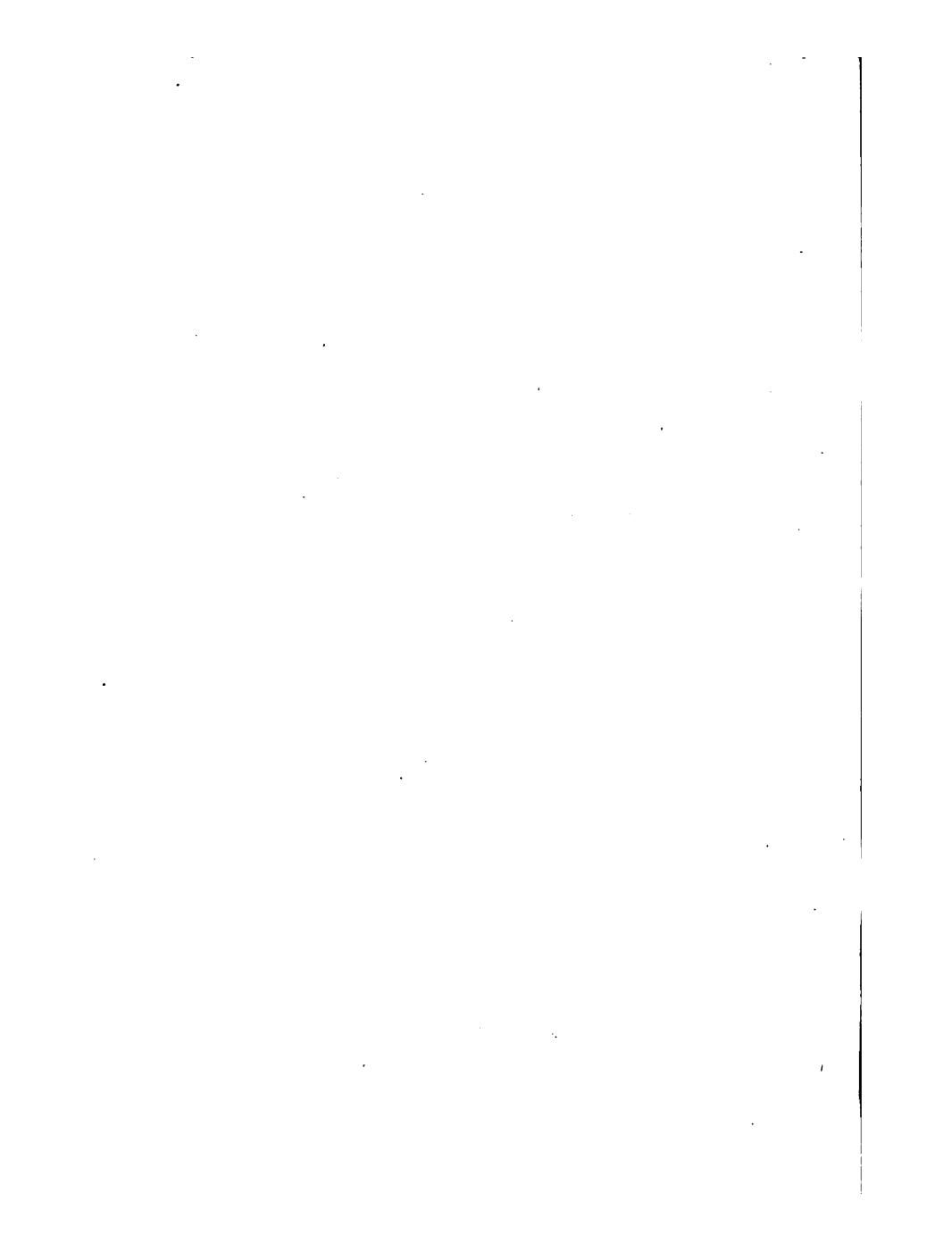
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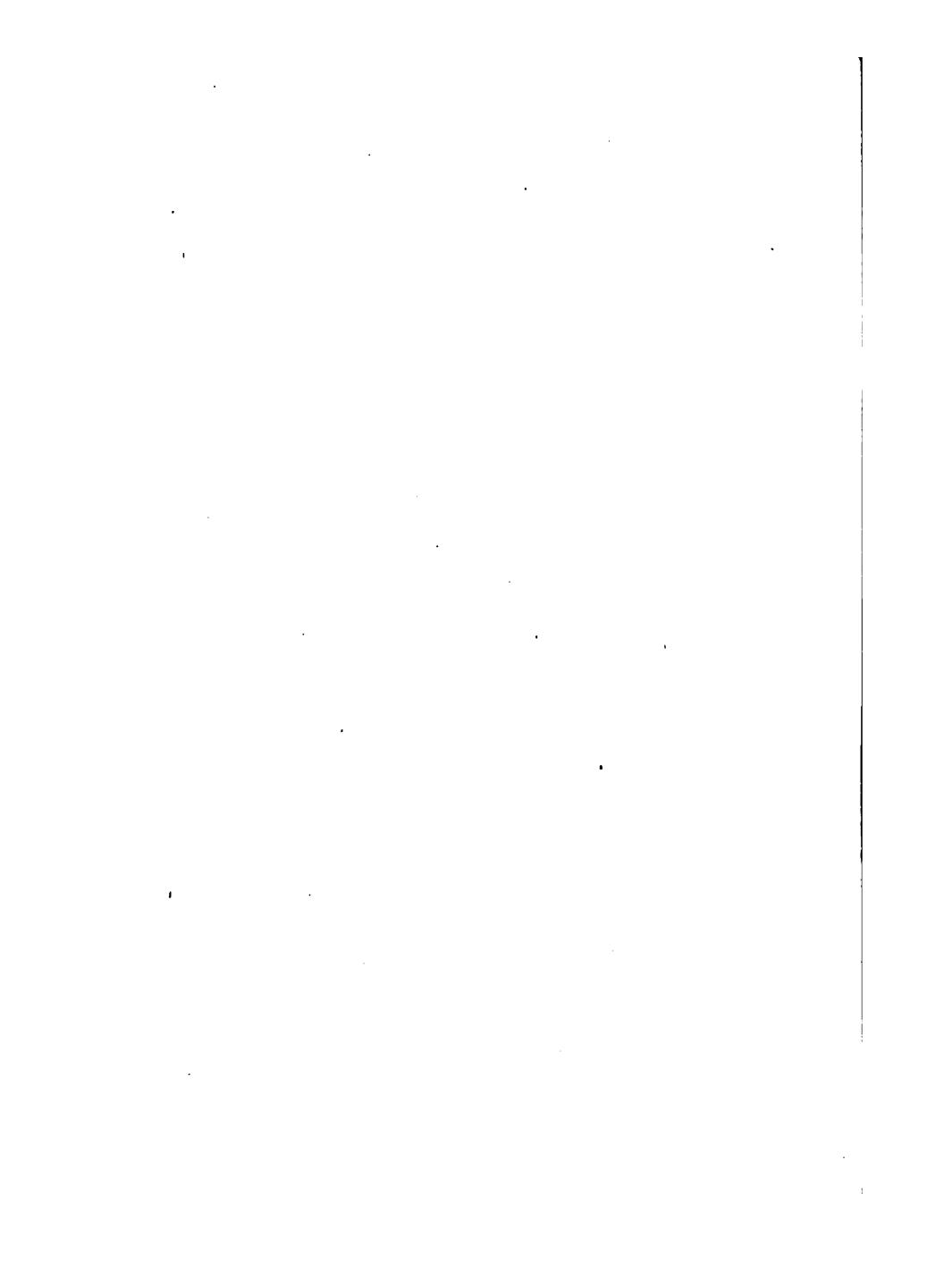
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To the
MEMBERS & ADHERENTS
of the
UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
INFIRMARY STREET,

their Minister affectionately dedicates these attempts to exhibit in a metrical English version some of the poetical passages of the Book which they reverence; and a few other Poems, chiefly Biblical and Devotional. The composition of them has lightened hours which, from causes known to his people, might have been too full of saddening recollections; and, whatever be the intrinsic value of the results, he believes that they will be welcome, as a memorial of a ministry which has now extended to thirty-six years, without any interruption of mutual esteem and affection.

Edinburgh, 20th September 1874.



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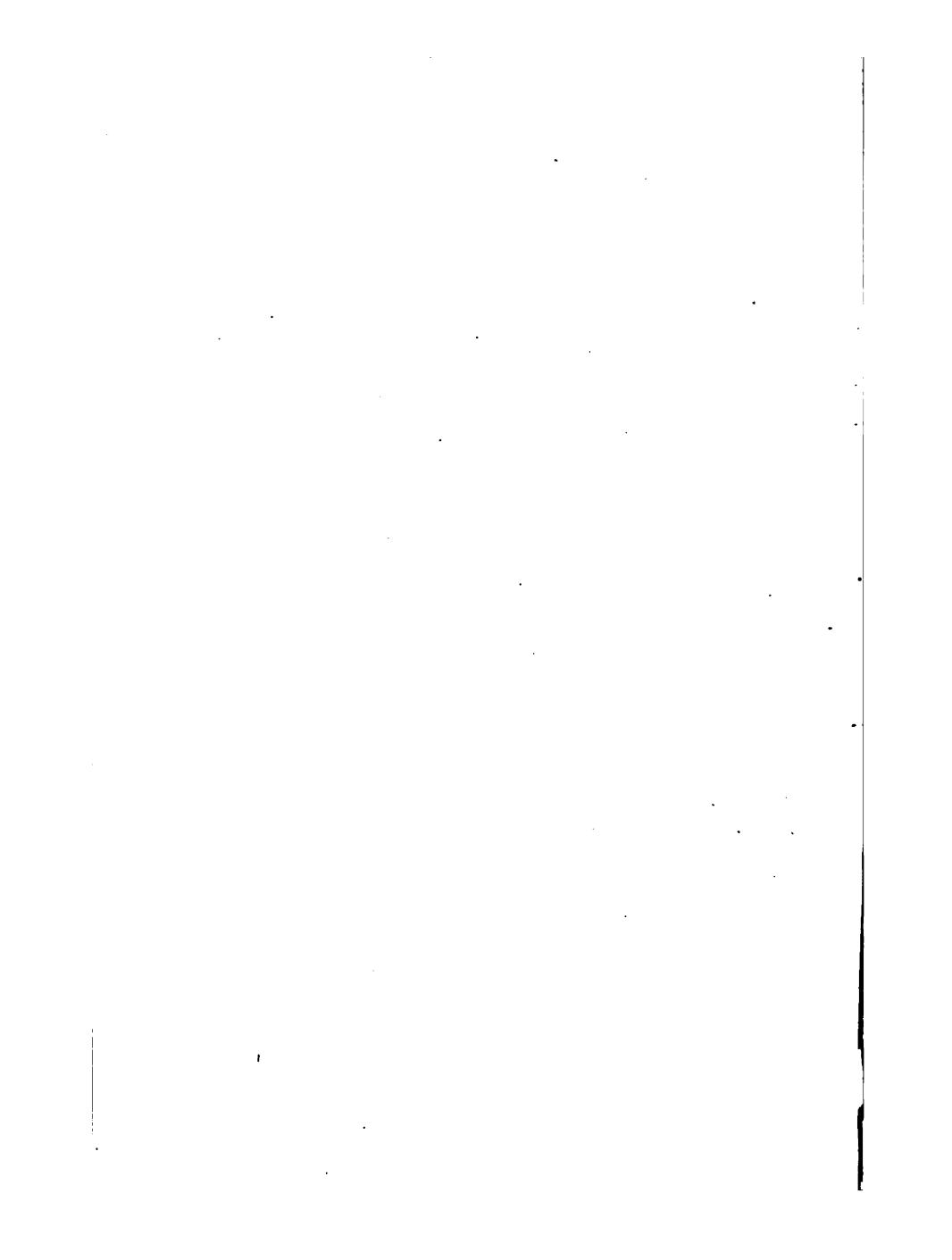
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HEBREW ODES.



JACOB'S BLESSING.

GEN. xl ix.

FATHER, my children, round my bed,
And let my parting words be said,
That each may know what each shall see,
In coming days of destiny :
Ye sons of Jacob, all be near,
And Isræl, your father, hear.

REUBEN, my eldest-born, my might,
My manhood's opening flower,
To thee pertain'd the primal right
Of dignity and power.
But, ah ! inconstant as the swell
Of waters, thou shalt not excel :
Thou hast dar'd to go up to thy father's place ;—
He did me wrong in his forwardness.

Jacob's Blessing.

SIMEON and LEVI, brethren are ye ;
In your tents are the weapons of cruelty.
Come not, my soul—O come not thou
Into the secret of their vow ;
Unto the council of their plot,
O mine honour, unite thee not.

In their anger they fear'd not to shed man's blood,
And they digg'd down a wall in their hardihood.

Their ire be accurst ;
For fierce was their ire :
And the wrath they nurs'd—
'Twas a cruel fire.

Divided in Jacob they shall be,
And scatter'd in Isræl's company.

JUDAH, thy brethren shall raise
The song of thy praise ;
On the neck of thy foes thy hand shall be,
And thy father's children shall bow to thee.
Like the lion's whelp, my princely son

Up from the stricken prey hath gone ;
He stoopeth ; he coucheth ; who may dare
To rouse up the strong lion from his lair ?

The sceptre, placed in Judah's hand,

His hand shall not resign ;

Nor judge be wanting, in the land,

Of Judah's royal line ;

Until the promis'd Shiloh come,

And call the waiting nations home.

He shall bind his ass to the branch of the vine,

And his colt where its choicest tendrils twine ;

He shall dip his robes in the purple flood,

Where the trampled grape-fruits yield their blood.

His eye from the vintage comes ruddy and bright,

And his teeth with the hue of the milk are white.

ZEBULUN, thine abode shall be

At the havens of the western sea.

To thy ports shall the sailor ply the oar,

And thy border reach unto Zidon's shore.

ISSACHAR, like the strong ass art thou,
Betwixt two burdens content to bow.

He saw that the rest was good ;
He saw that the land was fair ;
He chose the tribute of servitude,
And stoop'd his shoulder to bear.

DAN shall be judge of those that dwell
On his tribal lands, in Isräel.

'Serpent-like, he lurketh aye ;
Watcheth, adder-like, the way ;
In the heel of the steed is the sharp fang thrust,
And the rider falls backward into the dust.
Thy salvation, Lord, to see,
I have waited trustingly.

GAD, a troop shall waste thy strength ;
But victory shall be thine at length.

ASHER, the bread cometh rich from thy field,
And thy garners the royal dainties yield.

NAPHTALI, thou art a hind set free ;
The goodly words shall flow from thee.

JOSEPH like the vine-tree grows,
Rooted where the fountain flows,
Climbing o'er the wall on high,
Bearing fruit abundantly.
He was the archer's hate and aim ;
They shot and grievously wounded him.

But his bow of might
In his hand abode,
And his arms were strengthen'd for the fight,
From Jacob's mighty God ;
Yea ! from the Shepherd of the flock,
Isræl's Rock.

The God of thy father shall grant thee power ;
The Lord Almighty thy lot shall dower,
With blessings from heaven's o'er-arching steep,
With wealth from the under-couching deep,
And with all the plenteous gains that come

From the flowing teats and the fertile womb.

Blessings, which thy father's prayer

Summons down on thee,

Far exceed what I could heir

From my ancestry.

Mounting to the utmost bound

Of the lasting hills around,

Their abundance shall be shed

On the crown of Joseph's head,

Recompence for brothers' hate,

Glory of the separate.

BENJAMIN shall ravin free ;

Forth like eager wolf leaps he,

To strike the prey

At the dawn of day,

And divide the plunder he hath won,

When eve comes on.

THE SONG OF MOSES.

EXOD. xv.

ING to Jehovah ; He hath won
 The triumph gloriously,
 War-horse and warrior casting down
 Into the ruthless sea.
 My strength, my song, my safety there,
 Mine, and my father's God,
 His habitation I'll prepare,
 And sound His praise abroad.
 Jehovah conquers in the fight ;
 Jehovah is His name of might.

The chariots and host,
 Proud Pharaoh's boast,
 Are whelm'd in the surging deep ;
 The Red Sea's wave
 Is the restless grave,
 Where his chosen captains sleep.

The pall of the billow is o'er them thrown ;
They sank to the bottom, as sinks a stone.

Thy right hand hath gotten Thee glory, O God ;
Thy right hand hath smitten and scatter'd the proud.

They rose against Thee ;
They were crush'd by the might of Thy majesty,
Consum'd by Thine ire,
Like stubble in fire.

For the blast of Thy nostrils came forth on the deep,
And the waters were toss'd up, erect, in a heap ;
Compacted they stood,
Congeal'd to their depths, in the heart of the flood.

'Twas the cry of the foe,
"To the chase we go,
We shall catch and slay,
We shall share the prey,
Our soul shall be fill'd
Till its craving is still'd ;

We draw the sword ; its work shall be
Destroying—destroying utterly."

Thou didst blow with Thy wind,
And the sea unbind ;
O'er the eager host it spread ;
And their mightiness,
In the vast abyss,
Went down to the bottom, like lead.

Is there any God, like the Lord on high,
Whom the beams of his holiness glorify,
Demanding the meed of such trembling praise,
And doing his will in such wonderful ways ?
Thy right hand was stretch'd o'er the earth below,
And she open'd her caverns to swallow the foe.
But Thy people, redeem'd from their bonds at length,
Thou leadest forth in Thy grace,
And guidest them onward, by Thy great strength,
To Thy holy dwelling-place.

The nations hear ;

And they fear.

The dwellers in Philistia wail ;

The dukes of Edom faint and fail ;

The Moab champion shuns the fight ;

The tribes of Canaan vanish quite.

They tremble all at Thy mighty hand,

And mute as the voiceless stones they stand,

Till Thy people, Jehovah, have marchèd on,

Till Thy purchas'd people have pass'd and gone.

Thou wilt bring them in ; Thou wilt give them rest,

On the mountain-home Thy choice hath blest,—

In the place prepared for Thine own abode,

In Thy stablish'd Sanctuary, O God.

Jehovah reigneth in majesty ;

For ever and ever reigneth He.

THE FALL OF HESHBON.

NUMB. xxi. 27.

 H ! come to Heshbon ; its wall restore ;
 Let the city of Sihon be built once more.

'Twas from Heshbon, from Sihon's tower,
 That a fire went forth to devour ;
 Upon Moab's fortress the keen flame sped,
 And the lords on the Arnon heights lie dead.

Moab, alas for thy woe !

The people of Chemosh are low ;
 The idol hath given his young men to flight,
 And his daughters for slaves to the Amorite.

Heshbon hath perish'd ; our fire is strong ;
 Onward to Dibon it sweeps along ;
 Even to Nophah it bursts away,
 Even to Medeba, wasting aye.

THE SONG OF DEBORAH.

JUDG. v.

 RAISE ye, raise
 The song of praise ;
 To the Holy One,
 For the vengeance done
 By His might,

In the day when the people so freely came
 And cheerfully offer'd themselves for Him
 On the field of the fight.

O Kings, give ear ;
 O Princes, hear ;
 I will sing, yea ! I will sing
 Halleluiah to our King,
 And loudly swell
 The anthem to the God of Isräel.

When thou wentest, O Lord, from the Seir-land,
When thou leddest from Edom Thy chosen band,
 Earth quak'd at the sight ;
 Heav'n dropp'd in affright ;
The rain-torrent rush'd from the cloud ;
 And the Sinai-height
 Flow'd down, in the light
Of the presence of Jacob's God.

From the days of Shamgar, Anath's son,
Unto Jael's days,
Few were the footsteps, few or none,
 On the open ways ;
The traveller shrank to the bypath lone,
 From the watcher's gaze.
In the fenceless village men ceas'd to dwell,
 For fear of the foes,
 Until Deborah rose ;—
 I rose, a mother in Israel.

New gods they had chosen—new and vain ;
And, when war to the gates drew near,
Among forty thousand of Jewish men,
There was hardly a shield or spear.

That princely band,
The chiefs of the land,—
My heart was with them then,
Where they nobly stood,
And gave their blood,
With such willingness,
In the ranks among their men.
Bless ye Jehovah, His praise declare,
Ye whom the milk-white asses bear,
Ye who have seat in the judgment-hall,
And ye whose steps on the highway fall.
Safe from the shout of the quiver'd foe,
Fearlessly forth our maidens go,
To the crystal well,
And there they tell

The righteous acts that the Lord hath done,
The mighty acts of the Holy One,
For His villagers in Isræl.
Their terrors cease ;
His people go down to their gates in peace.

Awake, O Deborah, awake ;
Let joy in pealing song outbreak !
And, Barak, thou
Arise to head the triumph now !
O son of Ahinoam, 'tis for thee
To bring in captive thy captivity.
Place the survivors of that great day
In front of the nobles, to lead the way.
Jehovah's grace
Hath assign'd a place
Above mighty men to the prophetess.

From Ephräim,
A remnant came—

A little remnant, from the wreck
Of the weary struggle with Amalek.
They grudg'd not that Benjamin went before,
They follow'd the younger tribe ;
Manasseh withheld not the governor,
And Zebulun spar'd not the scribe.
Thy princes, Issachar, were there ;
With Deborah they sped—
Thy warrior-princes, Issachar,
And Barak at their head.
On foot they march'd to the vale of fight,
And aye, as they strode along,
The feuds that were wasting Reuben's might
Woke heart-thoughts, deep and strong.
“ Why bide by the folds to hear, this hour,
The bleating of the sheep ? ”
Thus the feuds that were wasting Reuben's pow'r
Woke question, grave and deep.

Why did Gilead idly sit

On Jordan's further side?
Why did Dan refuse to quit
His ships on the western tide?
Why did Asher's host
Linger afar
From the holy war
Mid the harbour-creeks of his coast?
But Zebulun came and Naphtali
To the eager struggle for mastery;
They were a people to jeopardy breath
Of their life,
Unto death,
On the heights of the field of strife.

Great chiefs were there,
Who Canaan's kingly sceptres bare;
They fought on the plain,
Where Taanach's walls in the sunshine gleam,
And Megiddo looks on the flowing stream;
They fought; but took no gain.

For help came down from the heaven's height,
The stars in their courses join'd the fight ;
And the river Kishon swept along,
That ancient river, the Kishon strong ;
It swept them away, avenging wrong.

O my soul, that hour
Saw thee trampling on pomp and power.
The hoofs of the horses were broken then,
So fiercely pranced they o'er the plain.

Curse ye Meroz bitterly,
The angel saith ;
Its inhabitants curse ye
With bitter breath,
And long ;
For they came not forth at the mustering word,
They came not forth to the help of the Lord,
To His help against the strong.

Praise to thee, Jael ! be honour'd thy name,

Honour'd above what a woman might claim !

The Kenite's tent
Has the ornament
Of more than a matron's fame.

It was water he sought ;
But the milk she brought,
And the cream to his wish,
In a lordly dish.

The nail her left hand grasp'd,
Her right on the workman's hammer she clasp'd ;
Down came the blow
On the head of the foe,
And the iron pass'd, with a craunching sound,
Right through his temples, and pierc'd the ground.

At her feet he bow'd, he fell ;
He laid him down and was still :
He bow'd before her his crest of pride ;
He laid him down at her feet, and died.

At her lattice the mother of Sisera sate,
And cried, as she gazed afar,
“ Why is his coming so long, so late?
Why tarry the wheels of his car?”
And her courtly ladies spake at her side,
They spake what her own fond heart replied ;
“ Have they not sped on their way ?
Have they not taken and dealt the prey ?
To each warrior true
A damsel or two ;
But for Sisera’s share
A prize more rare,
A beautiful spoil
Of the broiderer’s toil,
Divers-colour’d, within and without,
Of divers colours, and needle-wrought,—
Meet robe, to lay
On the neck of the chief who grasps the prey ?”

So let them perish, O Lord—Thy foes !

But let those
That love Thee shine with a glorious light,
Like the sun when he goeth forth in his might.

HANNAH'S THANKSGIVING.

I SAM. ii.

 ET my grateful heart in the Lord rejoice,
 He hath lifted my horn on high ;
 Mine enemy heareth my jubilant voice,
 For savèd and gladden'd am I.
 There is none holy as our God is ;
 Jehovah is God alone ;
 And refuge-rock like that strength of His—
 There is none.

Lofty speech no more be heard,
 Cease the proud and scornful word ;
 He, the God of knowledge, aye
 Will each human action weigh.

Broken is the strong man's bow ;
Feet, that stumbled, stoutly go.

They that were full have hired their hand
To toil for their daily bread ;
The needy have gather'd the fruit of the land,
And their hungry lips are fed.

The smile of the childless woman stoops
O'er the face of her seventh son ;
The mother of many children droops,
And mourns that her strength is gone.

Jehovah sendeth the stroke of death ;
And He recalleth the parted breath.
He giveth the prey to the yawning grave ;
And He taketh away from it what he gave.
Is there want? or wealth? He willeth so :
He lifteth up, and He bringeth low.
The poor He takes from their dusty seat,
From dunghill the beggar calls,
To give them thrones, where the princes meet

Hannah's Thanksgiving.

Their peers in the council-halls.
He builds earth's pillars high in air ;
He balances the broad world there.

He will guide the steps of His saints aright ;
But the wicked sleep in abysmal night,
For no man prospereth by might.
The foes of the Lord are to pieces ground ;
Out of heaven He biddeth His thunder sound ;
He ruleth earth to its utmost bound.

He will brightly dow'r
His king with pow'r ;
He will mightily exalt the horn,
By His anointed servant borne.

DAVID'S LAMENT FOR SAUL & JONATHAN.

2 SAM. i.



ISRAEL, on the mountain-brow
 Thy beautiful ones are slain ;
 How are they fallen, fallen now,
 Thy mighty men !

Let not the word
 In Gath be heard ;
 Oh ! breathe it to none
 In the streets of godless Askelon ;
 Lest the maiden's song of our sorrowing
 In Philistian halls be priz'd,
 Lest the daughters of the uncircumcis'd
 The note of triumph ring.

Fatal Gilboa, be doom on thy heights,
 Show'rless thy days be and dewless thy nights,

Fruitless and flockless thy fields for aye,
Where the shield of the mighty was cast away ;—
 The shield of our king,
 Cast vilely aside,
 Like some worthless thing
From the arm of a monarch unsanctified.

From the field where the stricken warrior bled,
From the lusty spoil of the mighty dead,
The bow of Jonathan turn'd not back,
Nor the sword of Saul, to the homeward track,
 Unsated at our head.

O Saul, O Jonathan,
A beautiful, a pleasant sight
 Was your life-light ;
And ye are one in death—still one.
They were swifter than the eagle's flight,
They were stronger than the lion's might,
 The royal sire and son.

Daughters of Isræl,
Saul is no more ;
Bitterly weep and wail,
Your loss is sore.

It was he that attirèd and gladden'd you,
With the beautiful robes of the scarlet hue ;
It was he that brighten'd the mantle's fold,
With the glittering ornaments of gold.
How are they fallen, the men of might,
In the midst of the fight !

O Jonathan, my brother Jonathan,
On thy high places slain,
Sad, how sad, is my soul for thee !
So pleasant aye hast thou been to me,
Thy love so great, so marvellous,
Beyond even woman's tenderness !
Fallen, how fallen, the mighty are ;
And broken and perish'd the weapons of war !

A MESSIANIC PROPHECY.

ISAI. xi-xii.

HERE shall bourgeon from Jesse's stem a shoot,
 A bright new Branch from the aged root.
 Jehovah's Spirit His soul shall dow'r
 With the council-gifts and the ruling pow'r ;
 With the deep wise thought and the judgment clear,
 With a quicken'd sense of Jehovah's fear.
 He shall see beyond what the eyes discern ;
 He shall speak of more than the ear can learn ;
 He shall judge the poor ones righteously,
 And reprove for the meek in equity.
 The rod of His mouth on the earth shall light,
 And the breath of His lips shall the wicked smite ;
 For the cincture of truth is around His breast,
 And the belt of justice girds His waist.

The wolf shall then with the lamb abide,
The kid couch down at the leopard's side,
And the lion's whelp with the fatling go,
As a young child leads them, to and fro.

The kine shall browse, with the she-bear nigh,
Where their offspring, mix'd, in slumber lie ;
And the lion shall come to the cattle-shed,
For the straw with which the ox is fed.

The babe shall play on the asp-hole then,
And the weanling grope in the viper's den ;
For abroad, on My hill of holiness,
Shall be nought to injure or distress,
And the knowledge of God over earth shall sweep,
As the waters cover the ocean-deep.

That day shall the Root of Jesse rise,
As a standard-sign to the people's eyes.
To Him shall the Gentile nations press,
And glory shall brighten His resting-place.
That day shall Jehovah, the second time,
Out-stretch His hand over many a clime,

To gather His people that remain,
From Asshur and Egypt home again ;
From Cush and from Pathros far away ;
From the hills where the Elam herdsmen stray ;
From the Hamath gorge ; from the Shinar sand ;
And from every ocean-girdled land.

His ensign, rais'd o'er the nations all,
Shall Isræel's outcast sons recal,
And bring the dispersèd of Judah's race,
From the earth's four corners, to their place.
The envy of Ephräim shall be o'er,
And Judah shall fear the foe no more :
Neither Ephräim's hate shall on Judah light,
Nor shall Judah molest the Ephräimite.
On Philistia's shoulder they shall ride,
Adown to the surge of the western tide ;
Together marshall'd, a mighty band,
They shall sweep the spoil from the eastern land ;
On Edom and Moab they shall prey,
And the children of Ammon shall own their sway.

Jehovah shall dry up utterly
The tongue of the old Egyptian sea,
And His shaken hand shall bring the force
Of a mighty wind on the river's course ;
He shall make the seven-fold stream divide,
For a safe dry passage from side to side ;
And the sparèd remnant of His host
Shall have highway homeward from Asshur's coast,
As in days of old, when their fathers went
From the sore Egyptian bondage.

In that glad day,
Thou shalt sing and say,—
O Jehovah, praise to Thee !
Though Thou wert displeas'd with me,
Thou hast bid Thine ire depart ;
Thou art comforting my heart.
Lo ! the Lord my Saviour is,
Trust shall banish fearfulness ;

A Messianic Prophecy.

God is strength and song to me,

My salvation sure is He.

Draw ye water from the spring,

From the life-fount, glorying.

Thou shalt say,

That day,—

Sing ye to the Lord of Heav'n,

Pealing praise to Him be giv'n.

Let the people know His fame ;

Tell them of His glorious name ;

All His wondrous deeds declare ;

Earth hath seen them everywhere.

Ye that tenant Zion, shout ;

Let the joyful strain ring out ;

Great comes He with thee to dwell,

Holy One of Isræl.

PROPHETIC BURDENS.

ISAI. xxi.

I.—OF THE DESERT OF THE SEA.

As the tempest whirls the sand,
 Sweeping o'er the southern land,
 Lo ! it cometh, pitiless,
 From the fearful wilderness.
 Vision hath been given to me,
 Grievous vision certainly ;
 Traitors plotting to betray,
 Spoilers bearing spoil away.
 Come, O Elam, at the call ;
 Up, O Media, to the wall !
 I will give the captives peace,
 I will bid their sighing cease.

Ah ! this writhing trouble-throe !
 Ah ! these travail-pangs of woe !

Deafness smites my suff'ring ear ;
Darken'd is mine eye by fear ;
Terrors in my bosom reign ;
Night's repose is marr'd by pain.
Banquet on the board is seen ;
Warders from the turret lean :
Watch is kept while, in the hall,
They are eating, drinking, all.
Up, ye princes, to the fight !
See that every shield be bright !

Heav'nly message I have heard ;
Thus it reach'd me from the Lord,—
“ Watchman on the tow'r set ye ;
Let him tell what he may see.”
Troops of horsemen he hath spied ;
On in double file they ride :
Troops of asses too appear,
Troops of camels in the rear.
And he listen'd anxiously,

Then with lion-voice cried he,—
“O my Lord, from hour to hour
I have watch'd upon the tow'r,
Straining through the day my sight,
Wakeful through the live-long night ;
Trooping horsemen are in view,
Rang'd in order, two and two.”

Once again there came a cry,
From the warder-tow'r on high,
“Fallen now is Babylon,
Fallen from her queenly throne :
And the idols of her trust,
Dash'd in pieces, strow the dust.”
Oh ! the threshing of the wain !
Oh ! my floor of beaten grain !
I have spoken what I heard,
Spoken great Jehovah's word,
Heavenly hosts around Him dwell ;
He is God of Isræl.

II.—OF DUMAH.

HARK ! a voice is in mine ear,
Calling from the land of Seir—
“ Watchman, is there aught in sight ;
Watchman, tell us of the night.”
And the watchman gave reply,
To that earnest questing cry—
“ Dawn of day-light I perceive,
Follow’d by the dark’ning eve :
Would ye more than that obtain,
Ye must come and ask again :
Turn ye to the homeward track,
In a better hour come back.”

III.—OF ARABIA.

DEDAN travellers, that haste
O’er Arabia’s sandy waste,
Camp ye where the thicket grows,
Yielding covert from the foes.

Ye that dwell in Tema, bring
Draught of water from the spring ;
And the gift of bread bring ye,
To the help of those that flee.
From the sword they urge their flight,
From the sword, unsheath'd to smite ;
From the bent bow speed afar,
From the fearful scourge of war.

God hath granted me to know
Presage of the coming woe.
Yet a year, as hirelings view
Short'ning term of service due—
Yet a year, and Kedar's fame
Shall be nothing but a name :
Small shall be the remnant then
Of her archers, mighty men :
Thus Jehovah makes decree ;
God of Isræl is He.

PREVISIONS OF CARCHEMISH.

JER. xlvi.

RIM the buckler and the shield ;
Hasten to the battle-field ;
Harness on the charger fling ;
Horsemen, to the saddle spring ;
Don the helmet ; point the lance ;
Let the mail-clad host advance.

Whence the terror, that I see ?
Wherefore do they turn and flee ?
Ev'n the mighty rush away,
Beaten, scatter'd from the fray :
Not one backward glance is sought,
Only flight is in their thought.

“All around,”

Saith Jehovah, “fear is found.”
Fruitless is the runner’s flight ;
Bootless is the hero’s might.
In the north they stumble all,
By Euphrates’ stream they fall.

Who is this that draweth nigh,
Rushing in his force ;
As a river, swollen high,
Surgeth on its course ?
Egypt cometh, swift and strong,
Surging like a flood along,
Shouting, “Forth I go to war,
I will cover earth afar ;
I will raze the city wall ;
I will smite the dwellers all.”

Urge the steed,
Urge the chariots to their speed :

Warriors stout,
To the battle hurry out ;—
Cush and Phut, that use the shield
Deftly on the stricken field ;
Lydians, all expert to show
Handling of the bended bow.

'Tis Jehovah's day, whose might
Marshalleth the hosts of light—
Day of vengeance, he decrees
On his haughty enemies.
Fiercely shall the sword devour,
Wielded by the hand of pow'r,
Drinking up the crimson tide,
Till its thirst is satisfied.
For the God of Hosts ordains
Off'ring on the northern plains,
Sacrificial fires, to gleam
Near Euphrates' mighty stream.

Egypt's virgin daughter, go
Where the Gilead balsams grow ;
Store the healing spice ; but still
Nought avails to cure thine ill.
Every nation, in its place,
Hears the tale of thy disgrace ;
And thy sorrow's wailing sound
Fills the peopled earth around.
Hero trips on hero slain ;
Both are fallen on the plain.

THE WAIL OF THE DESOLATE.

LAM. v.



LORD, remember us ; we need Thy care ;
Look down, and witness the reproach we bear.
The alien rules in our ancestral land ;
Our homes have pass'd into the stranger's hand.
Orphan'd, alas ! no father's love we know ;
Our widow'd mothers wear the garb of woe.
The very water that we drink is paid,
And dear-bought faggot to our fire convey'd.
Yoke on our neck the cruel spoilers bind :
We toil, still toil, and no repose can find.
Our hands were stretch'd to Egypt for remeед :
We dreamt that Asshur might supply our need.
Our fathers sinn'd and slumber in the tomb ;
But ah ! their hapless children heir their doom.

We bow and groan beneath the rod of slaves ;
No champion rises to our help, and saves.
Our bread is gained by jeopardy of life,
For o'er the desert gleams the brand of strife.
Our skin is parch'd and blacken'd, for the dearth
Is fierce and fiery as the oven-hearth.

In Judah's cities and on Zion hill,
They wrong'd the maid and matron at their will.
The hands of princes to the tree were nail'd ;
Grey hairs of honour'd elders nought avail'd.
The youths were ta'en to grind the household food,
And stumbling boys bare timber from the wood.
The old men seat them at the gate no more ;
The young forget the songs they sang before :
All gladness from our heart has pass'd away ;
Where yester-eve we danc'd, we weep to-day.
The festal crown has ceas'd to deck our brow ;
Alas ! our sin is heavy on us now.
For this, our stricken heart in sickness reels ;
For this, the darkness o'er our eye-ball steals ;

For this, Mount Zion is a wilderness,
And foxes prowl within the holy place.

But thou, Jehovah, art the changeless One
From age to age, on Thine eternal throne.
Why are Thy people thus forgotten aye?
Why turn Thee, for so long a time, away?
Turn us to Thee, and we shall come, O Lord ;
Be blessings of the former days restor'd.
Surely this exile is an endless doom,
And wrath extreme upon our guilt has come.

THE FIRST PROPHECY OF AMOS.

AMOS i. & ii.

OR transgressions, three and four,
By Damascus done,
Judgment cometh, sure and sore ;
Saith the Holy One.
She hath driv'n the threshing-wain,
Iron-shod, o'er Gilead's plain ;
Therefore shall the fire of doom
Proud Hazæl's house consume,
And Benhadad's palace-hall
In the smoking ruin fall.
I will hurl the bolt of fate
Through Damascus barrèd gate.
Eden's hold, and Aven's vale
Slaughter'd prince and judge shall wail ;

And the captive-bands shall stray,
From the Syrian coasts,
To the Kir-land far away ;—
Saith the Lord of Hosts.

For transgressions, three and four,
Sins by Gaza done,
Judgment cometh, sure and sore ;
Saith the Holy One.
She hath giv'n to Edom's hand,
Bondsmen from the wasted land ;
Therefore shall the flame devour
Gaza's halls of pomp and pow'r.
I will crush the sceptred ones,
Ashdod's prince and Ashkelon's ;
Back on Ekron I will haste,
And the sweeping sword
All Philistia's land shall waste ;—
Saith the mighty Lord.

For transgressions, three and four,
Haughty Tyre hath done,
Judgment cometh, sure and sore ;
Saith the Holy One.

All the captives of the fight,
To the ruthless Edomite,
She hath sold for servitude,
Breaking bond of brotherhood.

Therefore shall the walls of Tyre,
And her domes, be giv'n
To the fierce devouring fire ;—
Saith the Lord of Heav'n.

For transgressions, three and four,
Edom's pride hath done,
Judgment cometh, sure and sore ;
Saith the Holy One.

With the drawn sword in his hand,
He pursued the brother-band ;
Pitying thought he dash'd away,

Tearing in his wrath for aye ;
Therefore shall the flame-scourge fall
 On the Temanite,
And on Bozrah's princely hall ;—
 Saith the Lord of Might.

For transgressions, three and four,
 Ammon's sons have done,
Judgment cometh, sure and sore ;
 Saith the Holy One.
They with cruel hand have torn,
From the mother, babe unborn ;
Sweeping Gilead, to obtain
Distant bound and wide domain.
Therefore upon Rabbah's wall,
And her palaces, shall fall
Fire, and roaring battle-fray,
Tempest of a stormy day ;
And to sad captivity
 Shall her king be driv'n,



All his princely ones and he ;—
Saith the Lord of Heav'n.

For transgressions, three and four,

Moab's hand hath done,
Judgment cometh, sure and sore ;
Saith the Holy One.

He in wasting flame consum'd
Bones of Edom's king untomb'd ;
Therefore fire, on Moab cast,
Kirioth's palaces shall blast.

Moab in the rout shall die,
Mid the trumpet-clang and cry.
To the heart of his domain

Speeds the venging sword ;
King and princes shall be slain ;—
Saith the Mighty Lord.

For transgressions, three and four,

Sins by Judah done,

Judgment cometh, sure and sore ;

Saith the Holy One.

Law of God despisèd they,

From His statutes turn'd away,

Trooping to the idol-fires,

Erring like their errant sires.

Wherefore shall the fiery brand

Desolate abroad

Salem's tow'rs and Judah's land ;—

Saith the Mighty God.

For transgressions, three and four,

Isræl hath done,

Judgment cometh, sure and sore ;

Saith the Holy One.

They the righteous man have sold

Into slavery for gold—

Sold the poor for paltry gain,

For the price of sandals twain ;

Grudging them the dust, to throw
On their heads in helpless woe ;
Thrusting them aside, to stray
On a devious, dreary way.

Son and sire one maiden claim,
Scorners of My holy name.

Every altar sees them spread
Pledged garments, for their bed ;
And in every idol-fane,
The amerced wine they drain.

I had stretch'd My hand to smite,
From their path, the Amorite :
Stately as the cedar tree,
Sturdy as the oak was he ;
Blast above destroy'd his fruit,
Blight beneath consum'd his root.

You I led from Egypt-land,
Safely through the wastes of sand,
Forty years of pilgrimage,
To the heathen's heritage.

Of your sons, I rais'd to you
Nazarite and prophet true.
“Was it thus, O Israel?”
Saith Jehovah, “thou canst tell.”
But ye made the devotee
Drink the purpling cup with thee ;
And ye bade the seer be still,
When he rose to speak My will.
Lo ! thy burden—like the strain
Of the loaded harvest-wain !
Vainly shall the swiftest flee,
Feeble shall the strongest be ;
Champion shall not save his life,
Bowman shall not bide the strife ;
Runner shall not refuge gain,
Horseman shall not keep the plain ;
And the hero, that hath won
Glory in the fight,
Naked from the foe shall run ;—
Saith the Lord of Might.

OBADIAH'S VISION.

VISION to the prophet given,
Obadiah's vision this ;
Rumour from the Lord of Heaven,
Doom on Edom's wickedness.
Forth among the nations hieth
Hasty messenger afar ;
“ Up, and join the host,” he crieth,
“ Rouse ye, rouse ye, to the war.”

Edom, little have I made thee ;
Feeble and despis'd thou art ;
Thine own folly hath betray'd thee,
Madness of a haughty heart.

High and strong, thy habitation
In the cloven crag was found ;
Thou hast said, in exultation,
“ Who shall bring me to the ground ? ”
Though thou soar like eagle height'ning,
Though thou mount to make abode
Where the stars of heav'n are bright'ning,
“ I will bring thee down,” saith God.

Is it thievish band, that roameth
Through the darkness to thy gate ?
Far more awful evil cometh ;
Desolation is thy fate.
That which suits the robber's pleasure
By his pilfering hand is ta'en ;
They who reap the vintage-treasure
Let the gleaning grapes remain.
Search'd are Esau's hidden places,
Every secret nook is scann'd :
Traitor-friend the proud one chases

To his outmost frontier land.
They who sent the peaceful token,
They who came to eat thy bread,
Snares have set and pledges broken,—
Whither had thy wisdom fled?

Edom's sages I will humble,
Empty Esau's council-hall ;
Teman's mighty men shall stumble,
Slaughter'd crowds on Seir fall.
For the carnage and the wasting,
Which thy brother Jacob bore,
Clouds of shame are o'er thee hastening ;
Thou shalt sink to rise no more.
When the band of alien warriors
Storm'd and sack'd Jerusalem,
Bursting through the gates and barriers,
Thou wast there, as one of them.
Outcast brother's shame and sadness
Should not have been seen by thee ;

Thou shouldst not have hail'd with gladness
Judah's day of misery.
Tongue of thine should not have ventur'd
Insult on the desolate ;
Foot of thine should not have enter'd
Through My people's broken gate.
Eye of thine should not have watch'd
Ruin wrought within his walls ;
Hand of thine should not have snatched
Share of plunder from his halls.
Thou shouldst not have stood, and hinder'd
Flight along the secret way ;
Nor to servitude surrender'd
Captives that surviv'd the fray.

Day of wrath, from God in heaven,
Hasteth on the nations all ;
Thou must take, as thou hast given ;
On thyself thy deed shall fall.
What was drunk on mountain hallow'd,

Shall be drunk in heathen fane,
Drunk up to the dregs, and swallow'd :
There shall death and silence reign.
Yet a remnant of the lowly
Shall be left on Zion-hill,
Jacob's children, sav'd and holy,
Heriting their portion still.
They shall issue forth to trouble
Esau's land, and sweep it bare ;
Fire-flood on the harvest-stubble
Leaveth not a relic there.

Judah's southern herdsmen sally
To the sack of Edom's store,
And the reapers of the valley
Shatter the Philistian pow'r.
All around the Sychar fountain
Ephraim takes his ancient right ;
And on Gilead's fruitful mountain
Dwells the conqu'ring Benjamite.

Sons of Isræl, who panted
In the Canaan slavery,
Shall behold their border planted
At Zarepta, by the sea.
They, whom Sepharad saw weeping
Far from Salem's holy pile,
Harvest of the sword are reaping,
Where the southern cities smile.
Saviours rear the flag of freedom
High on Zion's stately wall ;
Righteous doom is dealt to Edom,
And Jehovah ruleth all.

THE COMPLAINT OF MICAH.

MICAH vii.

A H, woe is me,
This misery !

The summer-fruits from the field are gone,
The autumn gleaning of grapes is done ;
I search for the clustering food in vain ;
When will the early fig ripen again ?

Death has crush'd the godly race ;
Vacant is the good man's place.
All, on evil purpose bent,
Watch for blood in ambushment.
Hunt their brother with the snare,
Clench the hand to smite him there.

The Complaint of Micah.

Princes covet ; judges crave ;
Mighty men their bribe must have :
Greed and perverseness unite
Prince and judge and man of might.

The best of them all is a bitter curse,
Like the prickly hedge of thorn—aye, worse.
But the visitation day is near,
The day of watchmen, the day of fear.

Nought of faith to comrade lend ;
Trust not the familiar friend ;
And open the door
Of thy lips no more,
Even to her who lays her head
On thy bosom, in the nuptial bed.
For the sons their father's word despise ;
Against their mother the daughters rise ;
The breast that nourish'd the husband's life
Is hated and smitten by his wife ;
And each man's foes are of them who sit

Whére the fire on his household hearth is lit.

But I will raise my longing eye
To Thee, Jehovah, in the sky :
My Saviour-God, I trust in Thee,
For Thou wilt hear and answer me.

Cease that boastful joy of thine,
O thou enemy of mine.

Have I fallen on the plain ?
I shall rise in strength again ;
Sit I in the gloom of night ?
Still Jehovah is my light.

I bow to the rod
Of the wrath of God ;
My sins require
That I bear His ire ;
Until He plead my cause for me,
And issue my sentence faithfully.
He will bring me forth to the light, and bless
Mine eye with the beams of His righteousness.

That sight shall cover the face of my foe
With the dark'ning shadows of shame and woe ;
And she who sharpen'd her tongue to say,
“Where is Jehovah thy God this day?”
Shall be trodden down, as the hurrying feet
Trample the mire in the busy street.

Thy broken wall shall be built again,
Widely the summons shall go forth then.
From Asshur to Egypt they wait on thee,
From mountain to mountain, from sea to sea.

But it comes not yet
To the desolate ;
The wasted one
For a time must groan,
And her children reap what their guilt has sown.

Feed Thy people with Thy rod,
Feed Thy chosen flock, O God,
Dwelling lonely in the wood,

Searching Carmel heights for food ;
Let them take once more
Bashan hill and Gilead,
Pleasant pastures which they had
In the days of yore.

Marvels shall again be done,
As in ages long agone,
When the bondsmen, disenthralld,
From the Egypt land were call'd.
Miracles, like those of old,
Shall the heathen tribes behold ;
They shall see, and be ashamed
Of the power they proudly claim'd,
Finger on the lip shall thrust,
Stop the ear, and lick the dust.
As the crawling serpent-race
Tremble from their hiding-place,
They shall cow'r submissively
Down before thy God and thee.

Is there any God like the Lord above,
Who granteth forgiveness in His love,
Who passeth over trespassage,
For the remnant of His heritage?
Not for aye does His anger smite ;
The work of mercy is His delight.

He will pity us still,
He will cure our ill ;
Into the depths of the fathomless sea
He will cast our great iniquity.
Thy word to Jacob is ne'er forgot ;
Thy kindness to Abraham faileth not ;
The children shall see the oath fulfill'd,
That was sworn to the fathers in days of eild.

THE BURDEN OF NINEVEH.

NAHUM ii.

 O ! the smiter is at hand ;
 Let the fortress wall be mann'd ;
 From the watch-tower cast the eye,
 Brace the armour on the thigh ;
 Rouse to the fight
 Thy best of might.
 God hath purpos'd to restore
 Jacob's dignity and power ;
 Fruit shall deck the wasted tree,
 Broken though its branches be.

His heroes wield
 The ruddy shield ;
 Folded o'er the warrior's breast,
 Gleams the scarlet-tinted vest ;

Burnish'd steel on battle-car
Flashes brilliantly afar ;
While the arming troopers rear
High the cypress-shafted spear.

The chariots jostle as they meet,
Careering madly through the street,
Like torches gleaming in the night,
Like flashings of the thunder-light ;
And summon'd are the nobles all,
But with stumbling feet they go,
To range along the leaguer'd wall
Fence against the foe.

The streams of the mighty river
Through the broken barriers glide,
The towers of the palace quiver
And melt in the circling tide.
The robe from the queenly one is torn ;
Into bonds afar she is rudely borne ;

And in her train her maidens go,
Mourning with their dove-notes low,
Tab'ring on their breasts of snow.

Nineveh of old was full,
Brimming like a swollen pool.

Yet, see !
How they flee !
Stay, O stay !
But none look back, as they rush away.

Take the silver spoil at pleasure ;
Freely take the spoil of gold ;
Costly vessels, glittering treasure,
Too abundant to be told.
Emptiness and desolation,
Vacancy and blight !
Hearts that melt in consternation,
Knees that shake with fright !
Each frame is bent

In anguishment,
And every cheek grows white.

Where is the den of the lioness ?
Where is the young lion's feeding place ?
Was it there,
That the lordly lion stalk'd from his lair,
With his mate at his side, and none were found
To frighten their whelps on the gambol-ground ?
Was it there,
That for her and for them he strangled and tare,
Filling his den with the prey he caught,
And his couching-place with the spoil he brought ?

The Lord saith, " Lo !
I am thy foe ;
I will burn thy chariots in the fire ;
By the sword shall thy lion-like sons expire ;
I will empty thy land, I will scatter thy store,
And thy herald's voice shall be heard no more."

THE PRAYER OF HABAKKUK.

HAB. iii.

HY voice, Jehovah, fills mine ear ;
 I tremble at the words I hear.
 In midst of these sad years, O Lord,
 Revival of Thy work accord ;
 O make it known in this dark day,
 And mercy mid Thy wrath display.

God's path was traced
 Over Teman lone,
 From the Paran waste
 Came the Holy One.
 His glory cover'd the heavens around ;
 His praise fill'd earth to its utmost bound.
 That radiance bright
 Was like the light

Of the lustrous noon-tide hour ;
And the rays, that stream'd
From His right hand, gleam'd
In the hiding-place of His power.

Before Him the waste of the plague was seen
The bale-fire glow'd where His step had been.
He stood, and the measure of earth was read ;
He look'd, and the scattering nations fled.

The ancient mountains bent,
And the stable hills were rent,
When God
His everlasting pathways trod.

I saw the stroke of the tempest light,
Where the Cushan tents were spread,
And the curtain-dome of the Midianite
Sway'd trembling o'er his head.
Was the wrath of the Lord
On the waters pour'd ?

Could that anger be
Against river and sea?
When He quicken'd the speed
Of His chariot and steed,
To rescue His people opprest ;
And His bow was made bare,
For the oath that He sware
To the tribes whom His promise had blest ?

The torrents amain
Rush'd, cleaving the plain ;
The mountains saw Thee and bow'd in pain.
The flood pass'd by,
And the sea, with a cry,
Toss'd up its glittering hands on high.
The noon-sun bright,
And the orb of night,
Into their cloud-tents fled from the sight.
For Thine arrows glow'd
Through the heav'n's abroad,

And Thy spear with the levin-flame was shod.

Thine anger track'd through the land its path,
Thou didst trample the nations in Thy wrath ;
Thy march was to set Thy people free,
Thine anointed ones from captivity.
The sinner's house of its head was shorn,
And its walls from their rocky basement torn.
The chiefs of the villages down in the dust,
By the stroke of the piercing spear, were thrust.

Like a blast, they came
To destroy our name ;
They joy'd in the thought
That the poor were caught,
Where none might witness the deed they wrought ;
But swift was the leap
Of Thy steeds through the deep,
And the mighty waters were toss'd in a heap.

I heard ; and trembling smote my breast ;

My quiv'ring lip my fear confess'd ;
My bones were fill'd with rottenness ;
I shrank and shiver'd in my place.

Yet rest remains,
When trouble reigns
And plundering foemen sweep the plains.

Although the fig-tree flourish not,
Nor vines their clusters yield ;
Though fruits in olive-gardens rot,
And grain-sheaves on the field ;
Though flocks within the fold lie dead,
Nor cattle at the stall be fed ;

My joy in the Lord
His praise shall accord,
For my Saviour and strength is He.

With the speed of the roe,
From the vale below
To the mountain towers I flee.

ZEPHANIAH'S WARNING.

ZEPH. ii.

 ATHER, gather, unlov'd nation,
 Ere the doom its birth-hour find ;
 Ere it come for desolation,
 Swift as chaff before the wind ;
 Ere the day of God's great ire
 Sweep in like the scourge of fire.

All ye humble of the land,
 Doing what His laws demand,
 Seek the Lord ; O seek His face ;
 Meekness seek and righteousness.

Haply ye
 May hidden be
 From the sore calamity.

There shall silence reign within Gaza's wall,
And Ashkelon shall be wasted all ;
The sun shall look upon Ashdod's rout,
And Ekron's power shall be rooted out ;
On the coast of the sea shall woe alight,
On the heritage of the Cherethite.
O Canaan, O Philistian land,
Jehovah speaks ; His word shall stand,—
 His word against thee ;
 Thou shalt smitten be,
 And thy borders dispeopled utterly.
The shepherd shall see the pastures glow,
 Where thy cities look on the deep ;
They shall cistern there the fountain's flow,
 And build the folds for their sheep.
The remnant of Judah's house shall call
 Thy sea-lined fields their own ;
They shall take their sleep at the twilight's fall
 In the houses of Ashkelon.
Jehovah cometh ; their God is He,

And will turn away their captivity.

I have heard proud Moab's word of spite,
And the taunt of the scoffing Ammonite ;
They have cast reproach on My chosen race,
They have haughtily mock'd My holy place.

"Therefore as I live," He says,

Whom the host of heav'n obeys,

Whom it pleaseth aye to dwell

With the tribes of Isræl—

"Woe to Moab shall be dealt,

Such as punish'd Sodom's guilt ;

And on Ammon's sons shall come

Old Gomorrah's awful doom.

Nettle-weeds shall flourish there,

And the brine-pits taint the air,

Telling of a cursèd place

And eternal barrenness.

The remnant of Judah shall take the spoil ;

The spar'd of My people shall own the soil."

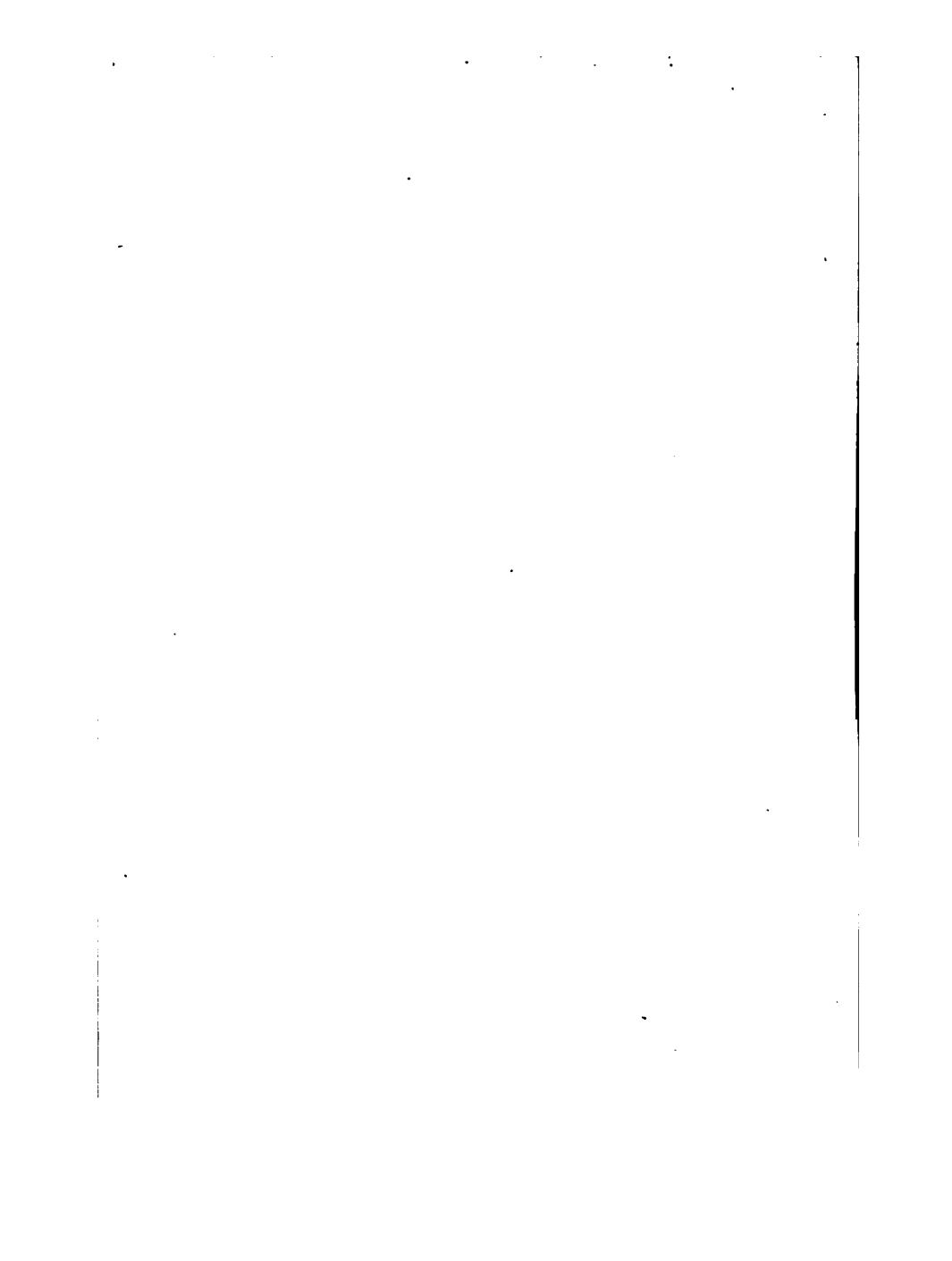
Such is the meed
Of doom, decreed
To the proud and scornful ones ;
For the taunts they flung,
From a braggart tongue,
On Jehovah's honour'd sons.
Most terrible is the Lord above
To the gods that heathen nations love ;
They fall, they waste away ;
And men of the Gentile tribes shall come,
Hasting each from his island home,
In Jehovah's house to pray.

Ye too, O Cushites, into the dust
By the stroke of My sweeping sword are thrust.
He shall stretch His hand
Against Asshur's land,
And Nineveh
Shall wasted be
To an arid desert of sand.

The flock shall couch in the ruin'd hall,
The wild beast prowl o'er the prostrate wall ;
In their nests upon pillar and minaret
Shall the pelican and the bittern sit ;
And a voice of song through the window flow
On the silent grass-grown portico ;
While within the roofless chamber there
The beautiful cedar-work lies bare.

Is this the city, so great of yore,
So jubilant in her ease and power,
That wont to say, in her heart of pride,
“I am, and there is none beside ?”
How desolate she is and waste,
A couching place for the savage beast !
The traveller marks her with a sigh,
And shakes his head as he passes by.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



THE PROPHET'S GRAVE.

N the northern range of the Moab-land,
 Near the home of Sibmah's vine,
 Mount Nebo looks o'er the Jordan strand,
 And the Dead Sea's silver'd belt of sand,
 On the slopes of Palestine :
 And in some deep vale of the mountain there,
 Where the evening sunbeam glows,
 There lieth an ancient sepulchre ;
 But that sepulchre no man knows.

No city in that lone resting-place
 Its stricken thousands laid ;
 No wandering tribes of the wilderness
 Came thither to bury their dead.
 No dust of an honour'd ancestry
 There waits till the parted meet ;

No line of a long posterity
Sleeps there at the patriarch's feet.
In the quiet vale of the mountain bare,
Which the westering sunbeams scan,
In the soil of that ancient sepulchre,
Lie the bones of one holy man.

No sister's love the eye-lid closed,
When the light beneath grew dim ;
No brother's care the form composed,
And straighten'd the stiffening limb ;
No comrade scoop'd out the narrow lair,
And levell'd the covering sod ;
The prophet was laid in his sepulchre,
Alone by the hand of God.

He had spoken the terrible word of wrath,
That melted the Pharaoh's pride ;
He had lifted the rod that cleft a path
Through the Red Sea's rushing tide.

He had breathed the prayer that won the fight

In Rephidim's vale of blood ;

He had smitten the rock on the Horeb height,

That yielded the streaming flood.

He had met Jehovah, in cloud and flame,

And talked with Him face to face ;

He had carried Jehovah's law and name

To the ark of his resting-place.

No mortal had been where he had been,

Or taught as he had taught ;

No mortal may see what he had seen,

Or work as he had wrought.

'Tis meet, that he lay down his burden there,

And take his rest alone,

The mighty mountain his sepulchre,

And the spot by no man known.

For the Canaan land he had watch'd and toil'd

And prayed through forty years,

With a faith by no disaster foil'd,

With a hope that from no reproach recoil'd,
With a love that cast out fears ;—
For the land, which the gracious word of God
To his patriarch fathers gave,
For the land, where their slumbering dust abode
In the old Machpelah cave ;
For the land of the holy memories,
And the hopes mōre holy still,
Where the great atoning sacrifice
Should promise and type fulfil.
Let him sleep, where the breeze from the western sea
Comes up o'er the Bethel shrine,
O'er the waving field and the fruitful tree,
O'er the land of corn and wine ;—
Let him rest, till the trumpet smites the air,
And the thrones of judgment stand ;
Then rise from his mountain sepulchre,
With his eye on the Canaan land.

NAOMI AND RUTH.

 GRIEVOUS famine o'er Judah's land
Its withering terror shed ;
Jehovah had lifted His mighty hand,
And broken the staff of bread.
Elimelech rose with a heavy heart,
And to Moab's coast withdrew ;
'Tis hard, from a long-loved home to part ;—
But what can the starving do ?
Naomi's love, at his side, took share
Of his grief and his trust in God,
And the footsteps of two bright sons were there
On the path which their parents trod.

In the land of the stranger, many a year,
The Jewish matron dwelt ;

There sadly follow'd her husband's bier,
On the graves of her children knelt.
Then woke, in the shadow of blighted hope,
A longing she could not still,
For that early home on the sunny slope
Of the pleasant Ephrath hill.
She went ; and there went in her company
Two younger widow'd ones,
Whose hearts, like hers, cherish'd mournfully
The thought of her fallen sons.
“Return to the homes where your childhood knew
A mother's love,”—she said ;
“And the Lord aye kindly deal with you,
As ye dealt with me and the dead :
Go back again, for the fruit no more
Shall be borne by the aged vine ;
And it grieveth me, that this burden sore
Should be yours as well as mine.”

So Orpah turn'd in her tears to seek

Her gods, and the friends of her youth ;
But a nobler purpose arose to speak
From the heart of the faithful Ruth.
“ Entreat me not, in that loving tone,
To follow the homeward way,
And leave thee in thy distress alone ;
O entreat me not, I pray !
For where’er thou goest, I will go ;
Where thou bidest, I will bide ;
And, when in the dust thou liest low,
I will slumber by thy side.
I will take the kindred to be mine,
That are found akin to thee ;
And the God, whom thy faith has callèd thine,
Shall also my God be.
Let the doom I deserve upon me fall,
And even more, from above,
If aught but death, which divideth all,
Shall sever our bond of love.”

When the life is new and the soul is glad,
The traveller's step is strong ;
When the hopes decay and the heart is sad,
The way seems hard and long.
There was stir and question and earnest heed
When the two reached Bethlehem :
“Can this be Naomi—this indeed ?”
Were the words that greeted them.
That name, in the home she had loved so well,
Came mournfully on her ear,
Like the solemn sound of a muffled bell,
That tolls o'er a passing bier.
“Ah ! call me not Naomi ; the word
Is no fitting name for me ;
But call me Marah now, for the Lord
Hath dealt with me bitterly.
I went out full, for my husband then
And my sons were at my side ;
Empty I wander back again
From the land in which they died.”

Sadly she dwelt, in her poor estate,
Where her happier days were spent;
But the pious trust can be still, and wait,
Submissive and even content.
And the youthful friend, who had kindly shar'd
Her path from the Moab land,
In her service wrought, for her comfort car'd,
With unwearying heart and hand.
How virtuously in truth and love
Hath many a daughter done!
But none of them all takes place above
That gentle, faithful one.
And from Him, who maketh His grace abound,
A change and a blessing came;
She glean'd in the field, and a guardian found
And wealth and an honour'd name.

THE DOOM OF THE KING OF BABYLON.

 MURMUR has waken'd the silence, that sleeps
In the darkness of Sheol's domain,
Like the sound of the wandering wind, when it sweeps
Dry leaves o'er a desolate plain.
Old Kings of the nations, whose torch of command
Was kindled and quench'd in earth's earliest years,
Arise from their thrones in the shadowy land,
For the step of another great chief is at hand,
And they speak as the proud one appears.

Hail ! hail to thee, monarch of Babylon, hail !
Comest thou to our sorrowful shore ?
Renown of the Chaldees, does thy spirit fail,
So mighty, so haughty before ?

Ah! gone is the pomp of thy festival court,
And the triumphing note of the harp's glad strings;
Thou hast pass'd from the halls of thy lov'd resort,
And the pitiless grave-worm is wreathing in sport
Round the bones of the proudest of kings.

How art thou fallen, thou son of the morn,
From the height of thy glory and power !
How tarnish'd the robe of thy beauty, and torn,
Like the leaves of a hail-stricken flower !
Yet well dost thou merit the night-shades, that lie
On the impious path which thy madness hath trod:
Thou saidst in thy heart, " I will soar to the sky ;
Above clouds, above stars I will seat me on high :"
Thou hast likend thyself to thy God.

Emblazon'd and grand are the banners that stream,
Where the dust of the conqueror sleeps ;
O'er kings of the nations the taper-lights gleam,
And the rock-chisell'd effigy weeps.

But thou, mighty monarch, art cast by the way,
Like a battle-soil'd garment all bloody and torn ;
Like a branch that is blighted and fouled by decay ;
And the traveller, passing, his footstep shall stay,
To point to thy relics in scorn.

Nor think thou the might of thy kingdom shall stand,
Thine empire still spread like a flood :
For thy sins shall thy children be swept from their land,
And thy dynasty quench'd in their blood.
Where the vineyards of Chaldea wave in their bloom,
And summer winds gather sweet scent on their breath,
O'er a pool channell'd desert the bittern shall boom ;
For thy country must share in its warrior's doom,
And be swept with the besom of death.

THE VALLEY OF VISION.

Son of man, Jehovah's hand
Brought thee to the vision-land;
Spirit-rapt, on mystic ground,
Lift thine eye and look around.
Bones are in the valley there,
Sever'd, sapless, bleach'd and bare ;
O'er the open vale they lie—
Many bones and very dry.
If thou hast reply to give,
Say, Can these arise and live ?
Thou hast answer'd, answer'd well ;
God, and only God, can tell.

Son of man, the silence break,
Let the dry bones hear thee speak ;

Let them hear a prophet's word
Preach the message of the Lord.
Thine the word, but Mine the will;
Thou proclaimest, I fulfil.
I will build the broken frame,
I will glorify My name ;
Flesh and sinews I will give,
Wasted dust shall breathe and live.

Thou hast heard Me and obeyed ;
Thou hast spoken, as I said.
Hark ! the murmur of a sound
Wakes the silent charnel-ground :
See ! a moving of the slain
Stirs the long-deserted plain.
Bone to kindred bone draws near,
Sinews, flesh and skin appear—
Bone and sinews, flesh and skin ;
But there is no breath within.

Son of man, it rests with thee

Once again to prophesy :
Let the four winds hear thy call,
Let them hear thee, one and all ;
This the summons, send it forth
East and west and south and north :—
“ From the four winds come, O breath ;
Hover o'er the field of death ;
Breathe upon the breathless slain ;
Breathe them into life again.”

Thou hast spoken ; it is done :
Life has come and death is gone.
Lo ! they rise on every side
Vitalised and vivified ;—
Bone and sinew, flesh and skin,
With the pulsing breath therein ;
O'er the vision-vale they stand,
An exceeding mighty band.

Son of man, the emblem trace,
Emblem of a ruin'd race.

Isræl is pictur'd there,
Fallen, helpless, in despair,
Mouldering like bleached bone,
Mourning that their hope is gone.

O My people, there is hope ;
I have power the grave to ope.
I will do it ; ye shall come
From the dark and dusty tomb.
My good Spirit giv'n to you,
Ye shall breathe and live anew,
Hasting home, a happy band,
To your own delightsome land.
Then My glory shall be known
By the work of marvel done ;—
Mine the word, the working Mine,
Word and working both divine.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

ROM their distant home they came,
 Toiling through the desert sand,
 Men who bore an honour'd name,
 Sages of an eastern land.

 They had seen an unknown star
 Gleam upon their wond'ring sight,
 As they scann'd the heavens afar,
 In the silent solemn night.

 They had heard, that anciently
 Jewish exiles spake of one,
 Whose benignant reign would be
 Bright as sheen of summer sun.

 They had felt the Hebrew's hope,
 Spoken in their heathen clime,
 Stir their musing souls to grope
 Dimly mid the mists of time :

And that star had seem'd to them
Token of the monarch's birth,
Who should take the diadem
And rejoice the waiting earth.

Moved by vague expectancies,
Guided by the heavenly ray,
Wondering what the issue is,
On they journey'd many a day.
Gifts they bore, to be unroll'd
At the infant monarch's feet,
Costly incense, myrrh and gold,
Gifts for votive homage meet.
O'er the Jordan stream they pass'd,
O'er the hills of Judah sped,
And in Bethlehem, at last,
Saw the guiding light o'erhead.
Faded was the ancient town ;
It could boast no palace fair ;
Quietly the star beam'd down

On a humble chamber there ;
And in that ungarnish'd place,
Lo ! a Hebrew mother smil'd,
Bending down her gentle face
Fondly o'er her first-born child.

Is it He—that babe asleep,
Cradled in so rude a bed,
With a poor man's wife to keep
Loving watch beside His head ?
Wealth and luxury surround
Sons of rank and royalty ;
That child seems to trouble bound,
Heir of toil and penury.
But 'tis wisdom's part to know
That from small despisèd things
Mighty power may spring, and grow
Into wondrous triumphings.
See ! the wise men, one and all,
On the rough straw-litter'd floor,

To their knees devoutly fall,
Give their offerings, and adore.

Many a costly gift since then
Have to Him been humbly giv'n ;
He is Lord of earth and men,
Lord of angel-hosts and Heav'n.
Come and worship ; it is meet
That our lowly trust and love
Bless the Prince of Peace, whose seat
Is the right-hand throne above.
Yet remember those star-led,
Who in Bethlehem of old
On a slumb'ring infant's bed
Laid their incense, myrrh and gold.

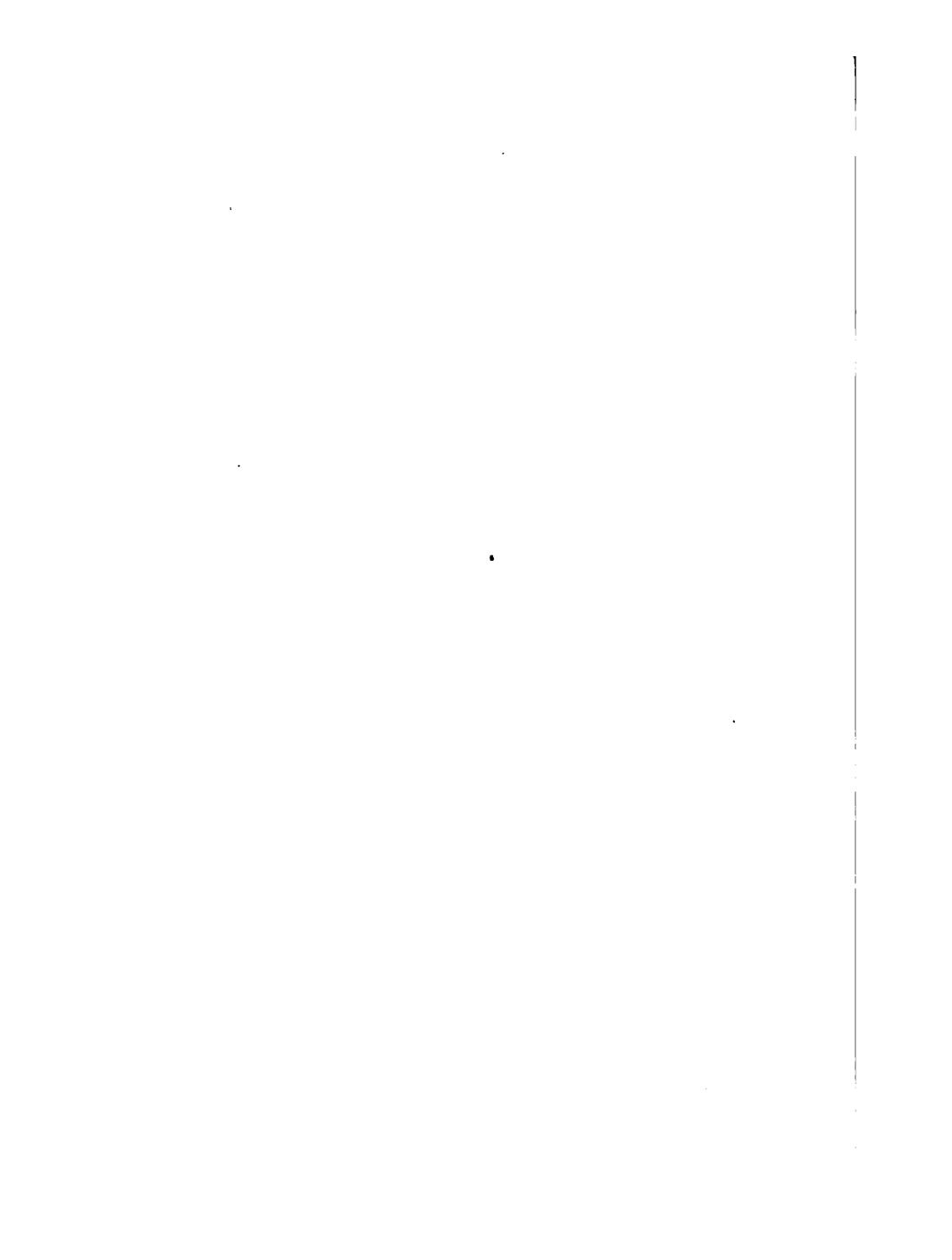
PRISON SCENES.

ook into the dungeon; fear not
For that chainèd one :
Warders close beside him hear not,
See not what is done.
Sudden radiance gleams around him ;
Angel from the skies
Opes the fetter-locks that bound him,
Bids him wake and rise ;
Tarries calmly till his fingers
Have the sandal laced ;
Till the robe is belted lingers,
Seeking nought of haste.
Fear not ; past the watchmen armèd,
From the gate he wends,
And along the street, unharmèd,
To his praying friends.

Pause beside the prison ; hearken,
Voice of praise is there,
Where the midnight shadows darken
Through the cold damp air.
Feet are by the shackle bruisèd,
Yet the faith is strong ;
Body by the scourge abusèd
Hind'reth not the song.
Strangely through the gloom it breaketh
Into cells around,
And the slumb'ring felon waketh,
Wond'ring at the sound.
Hearken ; notes of praise are ringing
Where the shadows dwell ;
Bruis'd and shackled saints are singing
Anthems in their cell.

Saviour, high in heaven thronèd
Where the seraphs bow,

Thou hast suffer'd and atonèd ;
Thou art reigning now :
Thou art mighty to deliver,
Ready aye to bless ;
Thou hast power and pity ever,
Love and faithfulness.
Saviour, shed upon our sadness
Rays of holy light ;
Grant us songs of trust and gladness
In the darksome night,
Teach our faith and hope to borrow
Plenteous strength from Thee ;
Break the bonds of sin and sorrow ;
Set the captives free.



H Y M N S.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

*G*OD my Shepherd keepeth me ;
All my want supplieth He,
Giving rest and pasture free
By the pure and peaceful river.
When my soul is comfortless,
He relieveth its distress ;
And in paths of righteousness
For His name's sake leads me ever.

Yea ! although my step be led
Where the shadows, dark and dread,
On the vale of death are shed,
In my heart no terror reigneth :

I am safe, whate'er betide ;
Thou art walking by my side ;
Faithful is Thy rod to guide,
And Thy staff my hope sustaineth.

Plenteous feast my table shows,
Ev'n in presence of my foes ;
On my head the ointment glows ;
And my cup runs o'er with blessing.
Mercy, all my days, and love
Follow me where'er I move,
And in God's bright house above
I shall find the joy unceasing.

"AFTER THIS MANNER PRAY YE."

 OD, our Father in the sky,
 Hallow'd be Thy name alone ;
 Come Thy kingdom ; as on high,
 So on earth Thy will be done.

Grant this day our daily bread ;
 And forgive our debt to Thee,
 As we pardon debt unpaid
 In our neighbour's poverty.

Keep us from the tempting hour ;
 Every evil chase away :
 Thine the kingdom is, the power,
 And the glory,—Thine for aye.

"THE RESURRECTION OF LIFE."

HE seed we bury in the earth
Mid dust and darkness lies,
Awaiting there a second birth,
And to be quicken'd dies.

Yet not the shape and hue it had,
In its new life appear ;
But stately stem and verdant blade,
And bloom and golden ear.

To buried seeds Jehovah gives
New forms ; and each its own :
How changed ! and yet in that which lives
Appeareth what was sown.

So shall it be, when earth and skies
The coming Judge attest,
And bodies of the saints arise
From their sepulchral rest.

That which is sown corrupt, debas'd,
In weakness and decay,
To power and glory shall be raised,
Unwithering for aye.

For this corruptible must be
With incorruption blest ;
In robe of immortality
This mortal must be drest.

So comes to pass the word, that saith
In ancient prophecy,
There shall be swallowing up of death
In glorious victory.

All praise to Him who came in power,
Triumphant from the grave,
The Son of God, the Conqueror,
Omnipotent to save !

“GREAT IS THE LORD AND GREATLY TO BE PRAISED.”

 EHOVAH dwells eternally
In unapproachèd light ;
He robes Himself in majesty,
And girds Himself with might.

Sun, moon and stars His praise declare
In paths of heav'n above ;
The earth and ocean everywhere
Proclaim His power and love.

The angels, in their ranks array'd,
Around His throne adore ;
And ransom'd spirits, perfect made,
Do service evermore.

Shall we be silent—we whose souls
Their life in Christ have found,
Nor join the song that upward rolls
From these, and all around ?

O help us, gracious Saviour, aye
To love and honour Thee ;
And make our lives, from day to day,
A holy melody.

"HEAR THOU IN HEAVEN."



GOD of Hosts, most Holy,
Before Thy throne we bow,
With trusting hearts and lowly ;
Lord, hear us now !

Our earthly habitation
Is dark with sin and care ;
We plead for Thy salvation ;
Lord, hear our prayer !

Against our foes contending,
We feel our feebleness ;
Be near for our defending ;
Lord, hear and bless !

Thy people's feet Thou keepest ;
O guide us with Thine eye !
Thou slumb'rest not, nor sleepest ;
Lord, hear our cry !

Has not Thy word been spoken
To promise what we crave ?
The cross is faith's life-token ;
Lord, hear and save !

"ALL THINGS ARE YOURS."

 N the path of life we're going
To another world than this,
And the fruit of what we're sowing
Must be either woe or bliss.

But the guidance hath been given
In a law exceeding broad ;
We have plenteous light from Heaven
In the holy Word of God.

If the doubts and fears oppress us,
Where the land is bare and dry,
Has not Christ the power to bless us ?
Will not He our want supply ?
There were rains from heav'n descending
On the path the pilgrims trod,
Through the vale of Baca wending
To the templed hill of God.

If the tyrant's grasp be tighten'd,
Where the voice of law is dumb,
We have still the peace that's brighten'd
By the hope of things to come.
'Twas from Patmos that the banish'd
Saw the jasper-wall'd abode,

And all earthly trouble vanish'd
In the vision-light of God.

Mid the shadows we are nearing
Runs the dark and swollen stream ;
But the dangers there appearing
Are not dreadful as they seem.
Did not rushing waters sever,
And the people pass dry-shod,
When the priests stood in the river
With the sacred ark of God ?

Let us choose the good and holy,
Let us love the pure and true,
In our trials meek and lowly,
And devout in all we do.
There is joy where we are going,
There is neither chain nor rod,
Where the crystal streams are flowing
From the radiant throne of God.

"THY WORD GIVETH LIGHT."

 HOLY Father, Thou hast giv'n
 Holy truth from highest Heav'n ;
 Words of counsel, wise and pure,
 Words of promise, bright and sure ;
 Light that guides us back to Thee,
 Back to peace and purity.

Clearer than the sun at noon,
 Fairer than the silver moon,
 Through the clouds and through the night,
 Shineth aye this heavenly light :
 Help us, Lord, to lift our eyes,
 Take its guidance, and be wise.

Here the wisdom from above,
 Beaming holiness and love,
 Stirring hope, dispelling fear,
 Shines to save ; for Christ is here :

Knowing, trusting Him, we come
From our wand'rings gladly home.

Blessed Saviour, Light Divine,
Thou hast bid us rise and shine :
Grant Thy grace, and we shall be
Children of the day in Thee,
Showing all around the road
Back to life and love and God.

"THERE AM I IN THE MIDST OF THEM."

HY promise Thou wilt ne'er forget,
O God of righteousness ;
Wherever two or three are met,
Thou wilt be there to bless ;
Wherever Thou hast stoop'd to write
The record of Thy name,

Thou wilt reveal Thy love and might,
Thy holiness proclaim.

We read the promise in Thy word ;
O help us to believe !
Help us to feel Thy presence, Lord,
And know that we receive !
We meet where praise and prayer ascend
From lip and longing heart ;
Thy gracious ear, O Saviour, lend,
Thy gracious aid impart.

We strive to leave the world behind,
We give our souls to Thee,
Thy love to trust, Thy favour find,
And all Thy beauty see.
Our homage to Thy house we bring ;
Into Thy rest arise,
And make our Sabbath worshipping
A fragrant sacrifice.

"ASK IN MY NAME."

 RACIOUS God of Isräel,
In the holiest Thou dost dwell,
Crown'd with glory, girt with might,
Garmented in golden light.

We have come at Thy command,
In the outer court we stand ;
Thou wilt not refuse, O King,
Homage which the lowly bring.

We have seen Thy Son, and He
Sent us with our gifts to Thee ;
Bade us plead His righteousness,
Doubting not that Thou wilt bless.

Promise too He gave that aye,
 When we humbly trust and pray,
 He will kindly intercede,
 And procure us all we need.

We believe the words He spake,
 Comfort from His promise take ;
 Let Thy face upon us shine,
 We are His, and He is Thine.

"THE EARTH IS FULL OF THY RICHES."

ow fair this earth which God hath giv'n
 For heritage to man,
 Rejoicing in the smile of heav'n,
 As when its course began !
 How beautiful the vale and stream,
 Green fields and stately trees !

How grand th' eternal hills that gleam
Above the restless seas !

We thank Thee, Father, for the love,
Which made our world so bright,
Which built the azure dome above,
And gemm'd the brow of night.
We thank Thee for the gifts we take,

From Thy fruit-bearing earth,
And for the happy thoughts they wake
Around the household hearth.

But Thou hast told us of a rest,
Where purer joys abide,
And saints are with their Saviour blest,
As brethren at His side.
O help us to remember Thee
In all the good we share !
Help us to reach that rest, and see
Our Saviour reigning there !

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."



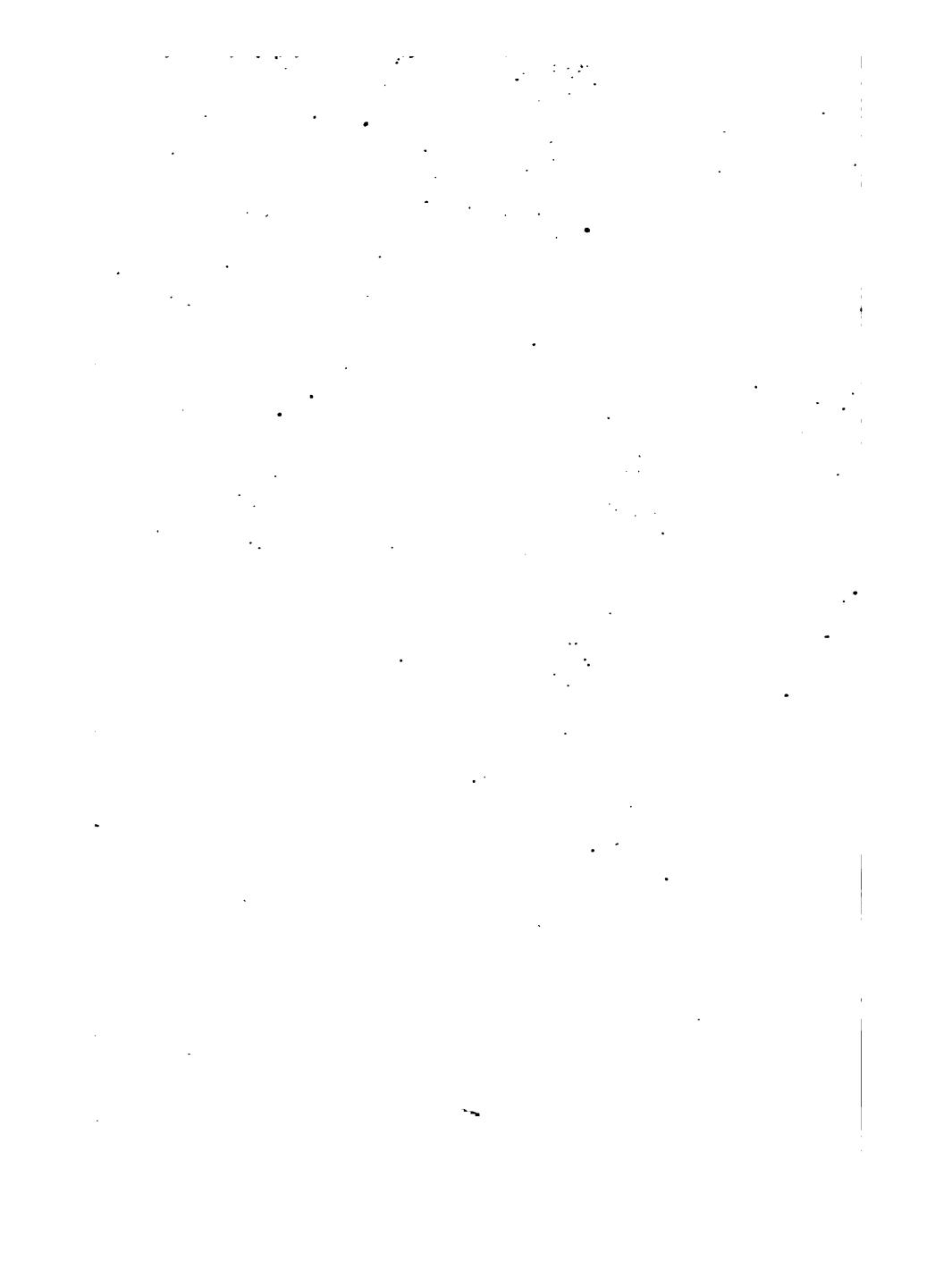
LORD, we thank Thee for the night,
The silence and repose,
That follow stirring hours of light
Mid human toils and woes.

Thine is the darkness, Thine the day,
And both by Thee are blest :
The eye that sees our labour aye
Will watch us while we rest.

Where'er disease and sorrow reign,
The suff'rs crave relief ;
Grant them, in slumber, ease of pain,
Forgetfulness of grief.

With prayer another day we end,
We lay us down once more ;
Thy blessing in the silence send,
And wearied strength restore.

Let failing arm and languid brow
Have calm repose and deep ;
So to Thy lov'd ones givest Thou,
O Lord, the balm of sleep.



I N M E M O R I A M:

E. K. B. 9TH DECEMBER 1831.

I STOOD upon a lone bare heath at night;
The sea-breeze chill'd me as it wander'd by;
I watch'd the young moon struggling, thin and white,
Onward through many dark clouds toilsomely.
Onward and downward, struggling aye, she press'd,
As if she long'd to reach her ocean bed ;
And, as she sank beneath the wave to rest,
Rain-drops fell frequent on my bending head.
Sister, I thought of thee. The lone cold heath
Was not more lone and cold than seem'd our home,
That night we waited for thy parting breath,
Scarce yet believing that thine hour was come.

Troubles had darken'd round thee ; thou wert thin
And pale as that young moon ; nor less than she
Thou seemedst struggling on and down, to win
Out of the restless clouds that circled thee.
We watch'd thee sinking, nearer to the bound
That limits aye our straining earthly sight :
Then came the darkness, and our tears around
Fell like the rain-drops on the heath at night.
But the moon sank amid the clouds, to cast
Upon another land her silvery ray ;
And thy pure spirit, sister, has but pass'd
To shine where brighter skies are cloudless aye.

J. S. B. 17TH FEBRUARY 1865.

 N the couch in the darken'd room
Lay the child we lov'd so well ;
On our hearts was the deeper gloom
Of a grief, that no tongue can tell.
'Twas a weary, weary fight
That his fever'd brain had fought,
As we watch'd through the long, long night ;
But the dawn no promise brought.
For we saw in the quieter hour
But a token of wasted strength,
And we knew that the blighted flower
Was to drop in the dust at length.
Ever slower came up the breath,
And in earnest prayer we knelt ;

For the shadowy presence of death
Was a darkness that might be felt.

Then a beautiful angel sped
From the pearly gate above ;
And he stood by the little bed,
In his holy yearning love.
In his patience waited he,
With a pity that look'd for joy,
Till the Giver of Life set free
That weary suffering boy.
For he knew that Jehovah's grace
Ever wisely orders all,
And he sought not to leave his place,
Till he saw the last bond fall.
Then he laid the soul of the child
On his holy loving breast,
And, breathing his thanks, he smiled
As he bore it away to rest.

A. T. B. 27TH DECEMBER 1868.

HEY who live to God must be
Lowly, lowly,
Wise and gentle : such was she,
Calm in temper, kind in speech,
More attent to learn than teach.

Such was she,
Pleasant daughter, pleasant wife,
Through her short and tranquil life,
Trusting in a Saviour's love,
Mindful of the things above,
And lowly.

Through the valley goes she now
Slowly, slowly ;
For the chill is on her brow,

And she can no longer hear
Voices that were aye so dear.

Darker now
Come the tokens of the change,
And the path is new and strange.
Let her take the untried way
Gently, gently as she may,
And slowly.

One is walking at her side,
Holy, holy,
Strong to succour, wise to guide ;
And He holds her hand in His,
Knowing what her trial is.

At her side
Walketh He whose mercy saith,
“I have died and conquer'd death.”
She can trust Him hopefully ;
Mighty, faithful, kind is He,
And holy.

E. C. B. 9TH JANUARY 1872.

 PILGRIM of earth, thou hast travell'd far
The path of life,
O'er hill and vale, under sun and star,
Through calm and strife.

Pilgrim of age, thou shalt rest thee now,
Thy journey's done ;
The burden borne, and achiev'd the vow,
Thy crown is won.

Look on thy life ; hast thou known the ill ?
Christ's blood avails.
Look on thy heart ; is it trembling still ?
Grace never fails.
Tell friends around, if they weep for thee,
They need not mourn ;

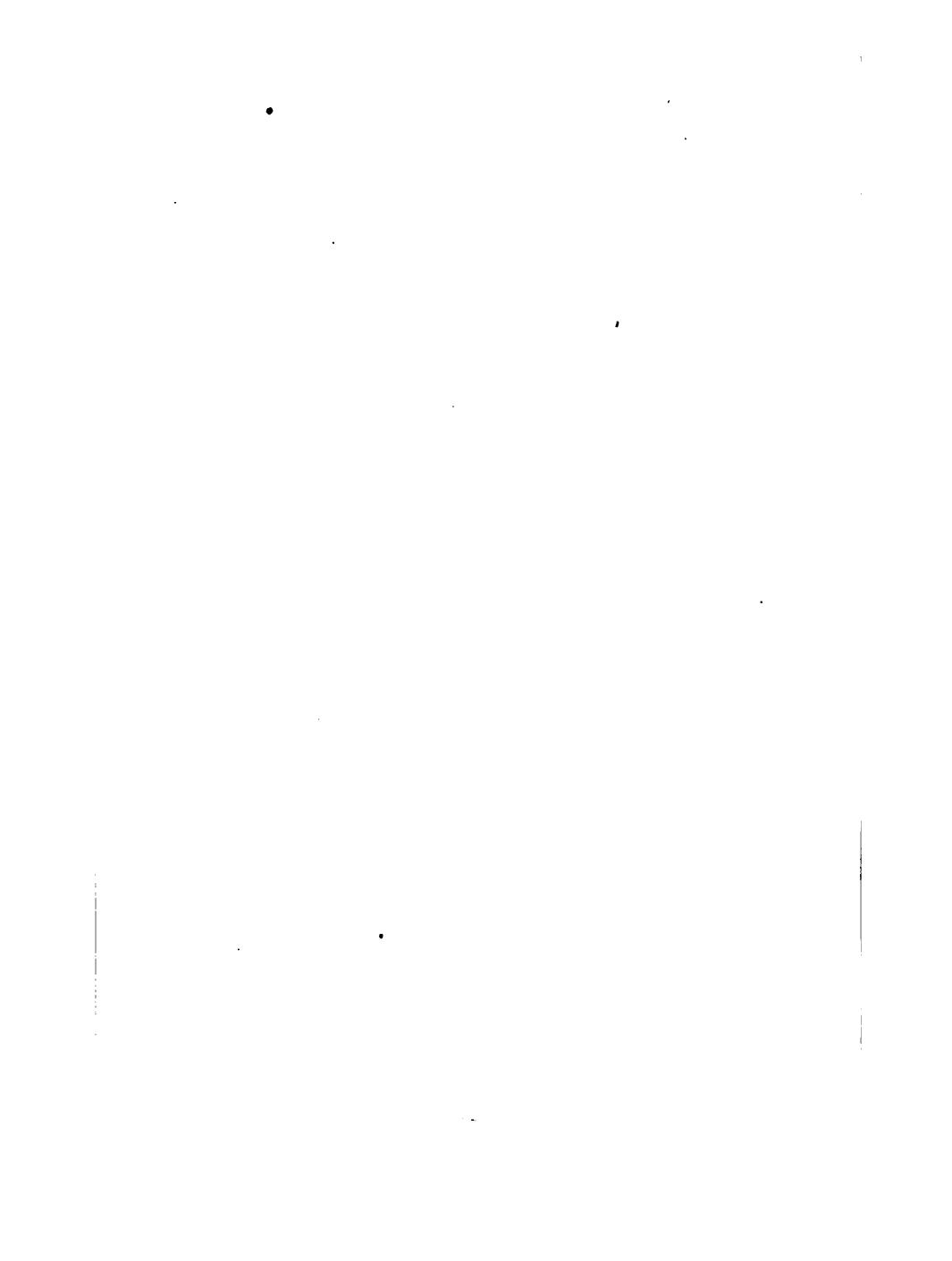
The faithful have immortality
Beyond the bourn.

Pass down to sleep ; from that bed of earth
The Saviour rose :
Mount up to praise ; heaven's holy mirth
Needs no repose.
Lay down the dust in its kindred dust ;
It bides the day :
Yield up the soul unto God thy Trust ;
'Tis His for aye.

THE TURRET CLOCK

OF

STAMFORD TOWER.



THE TURRET CLOCK OF STAMFORD TOWER.

I.

HE house was gaunt and grim and old,
Four stories from the ground,
With a suite of garrets, all gusty and cold,
And a clock in a turret that chim'd and toll'd
With a hollow eerie sound :

And carefully every Sunday night,
An hour ere the clock struck ten,
The aged housekeeper took a light
And wearily climb'd to the turret's height—
Banning the long stair, flight by flight—
To wind it up again.

“Why does it stand in the turret?” I said,
For I oft had wish’d to know ;
But she only sigh’d, and shook her head,
And mumbled something about the dead,
Who put it there long ago :

And, why ‘twas on Sunday night she chose
To wind it up for the week ?
Was a question that oft to my lip arose ;
But I fear’d what the answer might disclose,
And did not venture to speak.

Then,—who was I, and who was she ?
Did the same blood run in our veins ?
I had lived with her from my infancy,
And she had been ever careful of me,
Though graver and colder than friend should be,
With little of cordial sympathy
In my childish pleasures and pains.



There was something that whisper'd my heart within—
I cannot tell you why,
But it whisper'd as one that would credence win,
Ever whispering solemnly—
That she and I had no bond of kin ;
And that the old mansion we were in,
And the turret-clock, with its husky din,
Were involv'd in some sad tale of sin
And fearful mystery.

'Twas a lonely house, three roods or four
Beyond the church-yard gate ;
And many a token still it bore—
On sculptured lintel and graven door,
On fretted ceiling and dark oak floor—
Of the rank which the Stanleys held of yore,
When they own'd the country from crag to shore,
And lived on their estate.

But wealth and wassail had pass'd away,

And pleasure and pomp and power ;
The gallants were gone, and the ladies gay,
And wearisome silence for many a day
Had reign'd in Stamford Tower ;
The dank moss cover'd the corbel gray,
The grimy dust on the staircase lay,
And matted with weeds was the gravel-way
That led to the broken bower.

'Twas a cheerless life that we two led
In that gaunt old house alone,
With the smoke-brown'd rafters overhead,
And our feet on the floor of stone ;
For the kitchen serv'd us with board and bed,
And the neighbours all seemed to think us dead,
Save only the housekeeper's son,
Who twice a week from the village sped
With our little basket of meat and bread,
To sit an hour with us,—though little he said,—
At eve when his work was done.

He hardly ask'd us, if we were well ;
No village gossip he cared to tell ;
 But I saw that he watch'd to hear
If the chime of the clock in the turret fell,
 As the hour came round, on his ear ;
And aye, as he heard it, it seem'd a spell,
To lift some load from his heart, or quell
 Some vague unspoken fear.

What might be the reason ? I often thought ;
 And I learnt at a later day,
That old Sir Hubert Stanley had sought
 A country far away,
And thence the turret-clock had brought,
 With a lady in strange array :
She seem'd heart-broken and distraught,
 And she died by some foul play,
But made no moan, and utter'd nought,—
 As pale on the couch she lay,—
Save this, “ If the clock be stopp'd by aught,

There will be deed of evil wrought .

Among Stamford's heirs, for aye."

From that time forward, year by year,
Had the family fortunes waned :
Sir Hubert died in pain and fear,
His wealth was scatter'd far and near,
His son was slain by a Scottish spear,
And his grandson drown'd in the moorland mere ;
To the shorn estate and the mansion drear
An only heir remain'd.

II.

I was eight years old, when a message came
From the lord of Stamford Tower ;
On a Friday at noon it was brought in his name,—
I remember the day and the hour—
And it sorely troubled the aged dame,

As if it were tidings of sorrow and shame,
Though it ran, that in three days he would claim
For his bride the daughter of Baron Graeme,
With her loving heart and her beauty's fame,
And the Wraydon lands for her dower.

Perhaps they would visit the old estate,
Ere another week was done :
The dame crouch'd down on her chair by the grate
And gazed on the gray hearthstone ;
And little she did, as she sate and sate
That eve and the next day, early and late,
But gaze on the ashes and groan ;
Or creep to the window and stare at the gate,
As if her senses were gone.

She was wretched and restless on Sunday night,
As the hour of nine drew near ;
And she seem'd to look about for a light,
But either she did not remember aright

That the clock must be wound in the turret's height,
Or she shrank from her task in fear.

And so, when the early shadows spread
Next evening o'er valley and plain,
With a driving mist from the sea, that shed
Thick drops on the window like rain ;
And her son, with our basket of meat and bread,
Came in from the village again,
He found her in pain on a sleepless bed,
With a wandering eye and a throbbing head,
And he watch'd for the chime in vain.

We thought that our lamp burn'd dim and low,
Through the weary hours that night ;
But it might be the driving mist, you know,
Or our sorrow that clouded our sight :
And the sounds that we heard—or fancied so—
Like a sigh and a footfall, soft and slow,
Might be only the wind in the chimney-row,

Or the drip of the eaves on the court below,
Or a hungry mouse running to and fro,
Or the wan owl's lazy flight.

III.

Up from the moaning sullen sea
Came the mist in its mantle gray,
Creeping o'er meadow and forest tree ;
And it drew the curtain noiselessly
Of the waning winter day.

But the lamps were lighted in Wraydon Hall,
And cheerily blazed the hearth ;
The mirrors glanced on the festoon'd wall,
And gaily drest were the servants all,
As they hustled in at the Baron's call,
Bearing the flagons and goblets tall
To waken the spirit of mirth.

The Baron's step was quick and free,
And his blue eye kindled pleasantly,
As he smiled on every side ;
On maiden and silk-robed dame smiled he,
On groom and on gallant of high degree,
And he spake of nought but gaiety,
For his daughter was a bride.

She sate in her chamber, young and fair,
And her bridesmaids stood around :
They had deck'd her mantle of miniver,
And the glossy braids of her golden hair,
With orange-blossoms and jewels rare ;
They had sprinkled rich perfumes on the air,
And they stood and prattled around her chair,
As she sate in her silent beauty there,
And gazed upon the ground.

O young love's hope, and young love's trust,
Ye are busy and glad and strong !

Ye can build fair temples on sand and dust,
Ye can gild bright colours on mould and rust !
But alas ! what shall be—shall and must ;
 What must be—and is, ere long !

O maiden beauty and honour'd name,
O guileless virtue and ancient fame,
 O gentle hearts and kind !
Are ye too follow'd by woe and shame ?
Is the cup that ye must drink the same,
Which the laws of Right for the ruthless claim,—
 The doom to guilt assign'd ?

The evening hastens ; the hour is near ;
The bridegroom's step will soon be here ;
 With a sudden half-conscious start
She raises her head ;—Is that a tear,
A pearl cast up from the depths of fear ?
 Or is it a joy of the heart,
Flashing from memories fresh and dear,

And glancing upward, chaste and clear,
To quicken the light of the hazel sphere,
As the eyelids softly part?

She has caught it first—that far-off sound
Coming faint through the misty air:
'Tis the murmur of wheels on the stony ground,
And the hoof-beat of steeds that swiftly bound,
And the hurried bark of an eager hound;
The bridesmaids hear it, and bustle around
To see if, in aught, may yet be found
Some need of the toilet's care.

It has pass'd the oak on the brow of the hill,
And the path to the waterfall;
It has pass'd the gate of the ruin'd mill,
And the narrow bridge that spans the rill,
And now on the gravell'd way, more still,
It is sweeping up to the Hall.

A sudden stop,—a crack of the lash,—
And a chiding in angry tone ;
A plunging and stamping,—an onward dash,—
A cry of danger,—a splintering crash,—
And a heavy fall on the stone !

The colour fled from the bride's fair cheek,
And her ruby lip grew wan ;
The bridesmaids trembled, but could not speak,
As up she sprang, with a stifled shriek,
And down the staircase ran.

The mirth of the startled guests was hush'd ;
The serving men to the door had rush'd ;
And she met them as in they bore,
With his face all livid and gory and crush'd,
The lord of Stamford Tower :
She gasp'd as for breath, her temples flush'd,
And one wild sob from her bosom gush'd,
As she sank upon the floor.

Next week came the hearse with its sable plume,
And the mutes, and the mourners all ;
The coffin was brought from the shaded room,
And they laid the wreck of her youth and bloom
In a nook of the scutcheon'd family tomb,
Beneath the churchyard wall.

The spring-breath melted the snow on the fell,
The spring-flowers dappled the lea,
Ere the hapless bridegroom could hear them tell
The tale of his misery :
When autumn had wither'd the blue harebell,
And brown leaves dropp'd in the woodland well,
He had sailed across the sea.

IV.

If the days went slowly in Wraydon Hall,
They were duller in Stamford Tower :

I was sent to the village school in the fall,
To be fear'd and shunn'd by the children all ;
I toil'd at my book and my seam, like a thrall,
Through many a cheerless hour.

But we went to church on the Sabbath morn—
The grave old dame and I ;
And I learn'd to think of the world's scorn
With a heart less weary and forlorn,
As I heard and read of the Bethlehem-born,
With His smitten cheek and His crown of thorn,
Who came for us to die.

'Twas a simple word that the preacher spake,
A simple tale that I read ;
But they came like glancing lights, that break
Through parted clouds on a troubled lake ;
And I found a cure of my sad heart-ache
In the comfort and counsel I learn'd to take
From the Living who once was dead.

There was ne'er a one but ourselves who sate
 In the grand old Stamford pew,
Where the dusty relics of former state,
 And the damask's faded hue,
Seem'd to mourn that instead of the gay and great
 There were only the humble two.

At length on a Sabbath in summer-tide,
 As we knelt and worshipp'd there,
With the pastor's words in our ear to guide
 Our hearts in the holy prayer,
I noticed an old man slowly glide
 In at the pew-door to our side,
And stoop his silvery hair.

On the housekeeper's face and mine he cast
 A look, when the service was o'er,
And I saw that the shadow of griefs, which last,
 O'er the brow and the sunken cheek had past ;
But he silently turn'd to the door.

When I eagerly question'd the trembling dame,
Ere we laid us down that night,
She said that she knew him,—the Baron Graeme ;
But she guess'd not with what intent he came,
And she hoped that all was right.

In our lonely dwelling next day he stood,
And his voice seem'd kind to me,
As he quietly told, he had tidings good—
Of sorrow soften'd to calmer mood,
And health in the stricken frame renew'd—
From him who had cross'd the sea.

He paus'd a moment, but alter'd nought
Of his quiet kindly tone, I thought,
As he glanced where I sat on my stool,
And said that another message he brought ;—
I must go to the county-town, and be taught
In better fashion than those who wrought
In the Stamford village school.

Her orphan niece from the farm was sent
To live with her in the Tower ;
To another and busier scene I went,
But 'twas now too late to change the bent
Of a heart that had known no merriment,
When the bud of childhood, check'd and pent,
Was opening into flower.

I was happy enough ; yet my soul was aye . . .
Less ready to hope than fear :
In the midst of work on the busiest day,
And at night, if on sleepless couch I lay,
The vague forebodings would come and stay ;
How often I felt, I must go and pray,
As if some ill were near !

v.

The tireless seasons ever run,
Whether life be grave or glad,
Steadily passing, one by one,
O'er the smiling and the sad :
When my eighteenth year was well nigh done,
A message was brought from the housekeeper's son
By a brown-faced country lad.

Would I come and visit the aged dame ?
She was ill, she was very ill ;
Disease had smitten her feeble frame,
And 'twas thought that death his prey would claim ;
She seldom spoke, save to name my name
Or mutter that of the Baron Graeme ;
Will I come ? he hopes, I will.

'Twas a winter day ; the wind was high ;
The clouds were dense and dark ;
I had stood at the casement, to see them fly
From the scourge of the tempest swiftly by ;
I had thought of the sailors with a sigh,—
It must be a fearful thing to die
In the wreck of the foundering bark.

The wind blew bitterly through the town,
And bitterly through the wood,
And bitterly over the moorland brown,
More bitterly still as I lighted down
Where the grim old Tower beneath the frown
Of the murky welkin stood.

It was Sunday eve—I remember well—
And her son came out to the gate ;
With a sorrowful heart I heard him tell
Of the sufferer's helpless state ;
And he would hasten o'er moor and fell,—

The Baron must come, if possible ;
But, he fear'd, might come too late.

"Tis sad to sit through the solemn night
And hear the labouring breath,
Where the eye so dull and the cheek so white
Are dimly seen by the taper's light,
And to think of the steady onward flight
Of a soul to the gates of death.

But a feeling, to grateful joy akin,
Will mix with the saddening thought,
As we utter the holy words, to win
The faith of the sinking heart within
To Him, who has conquer'd death and sin
By the blessed work He wrought.

Bitterly still the wind raged on,
And shook the old gray Tower :
We could hear the bending poplars groan,

And the drops of the sleety rain were blown
On the rattling window like pellets of stone,
As her orphan niece and I alone
Kept watch from hour to hour.

The struggling dawn came late and gray ;
Her son was back by noon :
He had met the Baron, at break of day,
Driving down to the port in the bay,
And hence they arrived so soon.

The old man spake ; why started she ?
And why was her eye so bright,
As she look'd to him, and then to me ?
And why did he say, so meaningly,
“ Yes, yes—'twill all be right ”?

The eyelid dropp'd ; and nought was there,
Upon that silent bed,
But a form from which all thought and care

And wish and want had fled :

Let the storm-sprite shout in the troubled air
O'er city and forest and moorland bare,

He cannot disturb the dead.

The dead in the chamber of that old Tower,
And the dead on the yellow sand,
Where the angry ocean is smiting with power
At the portals of the land—
They sleep more soundly, through that wild hour,
Than the babe that is hush'd in its cradle-bower
By a mother's gentle hand.

VI.

With a favouring breeze and a gallant crew
The ship left Elsinore ;
Swift as the white-wing'd bird she flew,
And arrow-straight o'er the waters blue
Was the homeward course she bore.

But to and fro the captain past
On deck, with a thoughtful eye ;
The gray-hair'd steersman often cast
Grave looks on the changing sky ;
The sailors cluster'd around the mast,
And seem'd to doubt if the weather would last
Till the hours of night went by.

The breeze had grown to a furious gale,
Ere the port in the bay was won :
It shatter'd the helm ; it split the sail ;
It started the plank from bolt and nail ;
And the mariner's bronzed cheek grew pale,
When the best was vainly done.

They slumber all, where the tide-stream sweeps
Round the shores of their native land ;
And the lord of Stamford Tower—he sleeps,
Where the surge of the foaming billow heaps
The wreck on the yellow sand.

The fishermen found his body there,
When they search'd the beach at morn :
In his hand was a tress of golden hair,
And it went with him to the sepulchre,
When Sir Hubert Stanley's last male heir
To the family vault was borne.

VII.

The Baron took me to Wraydon Hall,
A stately, quiet place ;
And I saw the dry leaves four times fall,
From the spreading oak and the poplar tall,
On the withering sward of the chase.

I saw the light of the old man's eye
Grow year by year more dim ;

At length I saw the pale face lie
Expressionless ; and death went by ;
But I might not weep for him.

He was taken home, as on harvest-day
They bear the ripe sheaf of corn ;
He had learnt to trust, to hope, to pray ;
We speak of death, we should rather say,
When the righteous man is call'd away,
“ A child of Heaven is born.”

Before he died, as I one night sate
And watch'd beside his bed,
He spoke of the Stanleys and their fate,
Of the turret-clock and the old estate,
Of the bygone days and the dead.

'Twas a dark and sorrowful tale, I trow,
A tale of sin and curse,—
Of a plighted troth and a broken vow,

Of a pleading hope, of a darkening brow,
And of one who perish'd, none knew how
Save Sir Hubert and the nurse.

But he, wh^o was cast by the surging wave
On the wreck-strown yellow sand,
Had been good and kind of heart and brave,
As any in all the land ;
And the fond hope was, that he might save
A falling house, if the Baron gave
His help and his daughter's hand.

At length he said, he must speak of me ;
I started and trembled anxiously :
He paused and gravely smiled,—
“Thou must trust in God, and bow the knee ;
Thy kinsman died in the foaming sea ;
The name and the lands belong to thee,
His heiress, but not his child.”

Whose child then? Whose? he did not tell:
Should I ask? Should I wish to know?
I have never known; 'tis perhaps as well;
There are troubled dreams less terrible
Than the waken'd vision of woe.

I craved to know; but I only found
That Sir Hubert's last male heir
Had sign'd a deed, when he was bound
For bright Boulogne-sur-Mer,
Bequeathing the Tower and the lands around
To Alice Stanley there.

VIII.

I was wealthy now, and I must not say
That I cared not for wealth so giv'n;
To refuse it or scornfully cast it away
Might be countering the will of Heav'n;

But my stricken heart could not yield to its sway,
And my restless foot was, for many a day,
To weary wandering driv'n.

I have seen the young moon lift her head
O'er the North-Sea's tossing wave ;
I have seen the purple eve-light shed
On the Arab's desert grave ;
I have trodden the hills which the Switzers tread,
And the pass where the gallant Spartan bled,
In the midst of his brave three hundred dead,
For the land he could not save.

In the crowded street of the busy town,
In the calm secluded vale,—
Where the dancer is deck'd with the festal crown,
And where poverty toils in its russet gown,
I have mark'd the shadows come darkly down
And the ruddy cheek grow pale.

It is not by changing of place and scene
That the troubled heart is still'd ;
It is not with earthly things, I ween,
That its aching void is fill'd :
'Twill be restless aye, as it aye has been,
Till it learn on the better thoughts to lean,
On the purer hopes to build.

I had drifted away from the anchoring-place,
When I found myself all alone,
Unloved, unheeded, companionless,
With my race and my birth unknown :
My sorrowful spirit could not repress
The anxious crave and the gloomy guess,
Or soften the pang of wretchedness,
Or stifle the rising groan.

IX.

In the northern limits of Italy,
Near the fountain-streams of the Po,
Where the hills in their moveless majesty
Keep guard o'er the plains below,
I happen'd an aged man to see,
With locks like the Alpine snow :
Of the old Waldensian stock was he,
And many a tale he told to me
Of his faithful suffering ancestry,
And the pride of their pitiless foe.

Among names that he named was one, I wot,
That startled my listening ear ;
A Stanley's heart had been fierce and hot
For the blood of the mountaineer,

A Stanley's hand had stinted not
The stroke of the murdering spear.

The witnessing sires, whose blood flow'd now
In the speaker's shrunken veins,
Too feebly to redden his cheek and brow
As he told of their wrongs and pains,
Had heard of that stranger's bitter vow,
And their heads had hung at his saddle-bow
In the loop of his charger's reins.

I could only conjecture, from what was said,
That Sir Hubert of Stamford Tower,
When afar from his island home he stray'd,
Had served in the Savoy host, to aid
The ban of the Papal power ;
And had fiercely reap'd with his battle blade,
Where the Vaudois kept the faith and pray'd,
A fame and a wealth that were doom'd to fade
Like the leaves of a canker'd flower.

The half of an autumn month I spent
In that lone sub-alpine scene,
And I heard from the old man, ere I went,
 What his own sad lot had been :
He show'd me the hill-side bare and rent,
Where a sudden slip of the land had sent
The ice and stones, with the brown mould blent,
 In a mass on the valley green.

Ay ! green was that valley once and fair,
With the smooth sward-slope above,
And the laughter of children had been there
'Neath a mother's smile of happy care ;
But their home had been changed to a sepulchre,
And he had torn his raven hair
 O'er the lost ones of his love.

He had wept, but not murmur'd o'er the dead ;
He had thought of the Holy One ;
Of his faithful fathers too who bled

Nor in aught repin'd for the life they shed,
In the cause of the Saviour-Son ;
And now, in the memory of joys that were fled,
He calmly uncover'd his silvery head,
And earnestly look'd up to heav'n, as he said
“The will of the Lord be done.”

“ There's a better home in a brighter sphere ;
My wife is there and my children dear ;
I can think of that home and wait :
I know that the shadows which circle us here
Will pass when the noon-lights of Heav'n appear,
As we enter the pearly gate :
There joy has no canker, and love no fear ;
There that which was cloudy shall all be clear,
And that which was crooked, straight.”

I carried away from that old man's side
The germs of reviving peace :
He had shown me how calmly faith can abide

In its resting-place, unterrified,
When the fountains of earthly hope are dried,
And the earthly comforts cease.

'Twas thus that my troubled heart was brought
Once more into humble trust ;
And I found repose in the pious thought
That whate'er by the hand of God is wrought
Must be wise and good and just :
'Tis a precious lesson, though sternly taught
In the trial we've borne and the battle we've fought,
When we learn to be patient because we ought,
Not, silent because we must.

x.

The Stamford Tower is standing yet,
With the moss on its lintel gray ;

It appears as stable every whit,
And is much less dull, to-day ;
Its chambers are swept, its fires are lit,
And there a dozen young orphans sit,
With their task to con and their hose to knit,
And the garden-lawn for their play.

The niece of the aged dame is bound
To tend them and teach them there,
For my simple habits could spare, I found,
The yearly charge on the lands around
That provides their humble fare.

They seem to be happy ; their wants are few,
And their griefs for the time are o'er :
They are up ere the sun has drunk the dew,
They are sound asleep when the night is new,
They are pleasantly taught what is good and true ;
If their fare be humble, 'tis wholesome too,
And they know not the wish for more.

There is many a token on this sad earth,
That its Maker is good and kind ;
But none more bright than the buoyant mirth,
Which in childhood's heart has so easy a birth,
And a range so unconfined.

The Tower had its grandeur in days of old,
Its glitter of wealth and show ;
Now only the poor and the simple-soul'd
Through its faded chambers go :
But the gem-adorn'd and the silken-stoled
Might not find the peace, amid pearls and gold,
Which these orphan children know.

The turret-clock has ceased to tell
The hours of the passing day ;
It has never been wound since the tempest fell
On that hapless bark in the bay :
There are few, if any, that fear its spell,
And so it is left in its dusty cell,

Where the hungry moth and the spider dwell,
Mid silence and decay.

But often at eve in the winter time,
When my cottage fire burns clear,
And the sound of the wind, thro' the boughs that climb
To my lattice, is dull and drear,
I muse on the past, and the husky chime
Seems to fall again on my ear,
As a well known voice or a memoried rhyme
Comes back from a distant year.

And often by night, when unbidden thought
Keeps haunting my sleepless bed,
I think of the Tower, and of her distraught,
Whom old Sir Hubert Stanley brought
From the foreign shore, unwed ;
And I marvel, if really there was aught
Of warning truth to the false one taught
By the dying words she said.

Such legends oft arose of old,—
We scarce know how or why,—
When some strange event had taken hold
Of the popular phantasy :
Surmise and rumour, uncontroll'd,
Lay wondrous colours on what is told
To fond credulity.

We love to hear of the marvellous ;
We peer into mist and shade ;
We grope where the daylight faileth us,
And our fancy, lured and venturous,
Has a step that will not be staid.

Perhaps in the chain of providence
There are curious links at times ;
Perhaps to the injured, passing hence,
There is granted something like prescience,
When they speak of the tyrant's crimes.

It may be well that some sight or sound,
That startles the eye or ear,
Should ever and anon bring round,
In the place where the guilt and curse were found,
A memory and a fear.

I cannot say ; and it matters nought ;
There is One who rules above :
His plan is plann'd, His work is wrought,
Nor in earth, nor in air, nor in sea is aught,
Save the reign of His power and love.





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